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The Real World Comes to Wyoming

STEVE MURDOCK

Blacks on Campus: INTEGRATION BY EVASION

ROBERT F. ENGS & JOHN B. WILLIAMS

Change or Stagnation
Case for Advocacy Journalism

DAVID DEITCH

Gulf of Tonkin / Richard J. Walton
Lawrence Alloway on Harold Rosenberg

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LETTERS

from Broadway to Alaska

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Harold Clurman's review of the play *Indians* by Arthur Kopit [*The Nation*, Nov. 3] states incisively the case for greater public awareness of our nation's treatment, past and present, of its American Indian people. While Mr. Kopit's play deals with historical events, the issues he raises are as current as the Alaska oil boom.

In Alaska today 60,000 Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts are fighting to protect their lands from expropriation. In 1884 the Congress promised to honor the aboriginal land rights of Alaska's Native people, and for eighty-five years it has failed to act.

The Senate and House committees on Interior and Insular Affairs are now considering proposals to settle Alaska Native land rights.

The Alaska Federation of Natives, representing the three aboriginal ethnic groups, has recommended to Congress what it considers to be fair terms. Their proposals are contained in S.3041 and H.R.14212. These bills call for confirming to the Natives legal title to 40 million acres of land—roughly 10 per cent of the lands to which they have valid claim, cash compensation for the land to which they surrender their claim, and 2 per cent mineral royalty.

Congress is today writing the sequel to Mr. Kopit's play. Let us hope that it has a more fortunate conclusion.

William Byler, Executive Director
Association on American Indian Affairs

paper peril

London

DEAR SIRS: It is really shocking, I think, that Mr. Tertius Chandler, presumably a reader of *The Nation*, should pretend that your country's undeclared war against Vietnam is "to protect the United States from the two huge Communist powers" [letter, Oct. 6]. For the logical corollary of your country's approaching defeat in that war, which even *The Wall Street Journal* has long since (Feb. 23, 1968) pronounced "inevitable," would expose it to the direst peril. Which is absurd, I suggest, since both the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union have repeatedly made it quite clear that they don't want to fight with you (or with any other country), and will do so only if they are attacked.

In the case of the former country, moreover, it is quite obvious that it could not fight with you unless you went over to its side of the Pacific.

Edgar P. Young, Comdr.
Royal Navy (Ret.)

due credit

New York City

DEAR SIRS: B. J. Widick's report on the AFL-CIO convention, "The Isolation of George Meany" [editorial, *The Nation*, Oct. 20], leaves an important point unanswered. He notes that the election of Michael Harrington in Massachusetts represents the new mood of American politics, which is both a repudiation of Meany and an indication of the direction that labor must now take. He might have added that Harrington could not have won without the support of the Committee on Political Education (COPE), the political arm of the AFL-CIO, which financed most of his campaign and contributed valuable manpower. Meany disagreed with Harrington's views on the war, of course, but he liked him in other respects, and I think that liberals who are so quick to dismiss the AFL-CIO might show a similar degree of flexibility.

Carl Gershman

EDITORIALS

Notes on the Election

Of the recent elections, Mayor John V. Lindsay's victory is by far the most significant nationally. It re-establishes Lindsay, after his bad showing in the June primary, more firmly than ever as a "main-eventer" on the national political scene. Bowled over by his victory, many of his recent critics are now saying that he would be an ideal Vice Presidential nominee for the Republicans in 1972. And so he would. The GOP now has governors in all the states of the Northeast, but Nixon is not popular in any of them with the possible exception of New Hampshire. However, a Nixon-Lindsay ticket, which made little real sense—at least from Lindsay's point of view—in 1968, is not likely to make much better sense in 1972. What does make sense is a new coalition of the kind we described some weeks ago when discussing Lindsay's campaign ("Lindsay and the Future," *The Nation*, September 22). The elements clearly exist: young voters, intellectuals, blacks, a sizable section of the labor movement, liberal Democrats, liberal Republicans, independents, Jewish voters, Puerto Ricans, the poor, the better-educated middle class—"a coalition of conscience," concerned with the urgent new issues. These elements may be less attached to parties in New York than elsewhere, but they exist in most of the major cities.

The problem is how to combine them. In New York it was easy because Lindsay had neither major party endorsement and appeared only on the Liberal Party and Independent Party lines. Whether a new coalition emerges, and what form it will take if it does, are questions that cannot be answered just yet. But Lindsay is the central figure in national coalition politics. No figure would pull more liberal Republican votes to the Democratic Party as a Presidential or Vice Presidential nominee if he decided to change his registration. Conversely he would be a strong rallying point for liberal Republicans within the party. As we have suggested, he could challenge Nixon in selected primaries, much as McCarthy challenged Johnson. Or he could be a major figure in any independent protest movement or third party. Fortunately, he is now free of party obligations and can move in whatever direction he sees fit. Nor should it be forgotten that a kind of *de facto* coalition has existed for quite some time; it is one of the means by which independent voters frustrate the party bosses. In default of the kind of Democratic nominees they like, independent Democrats will readily vote for liberal Republicans and the reverse is also true. For example, if California Democrats should nominate Stanley Mosk—who would first have to resign as a justice of the state supreme court—he would pull liberal Republican votes in volume and would be an odds-on favorite to defeat Sen. George Murphy next year. On the other hand, if former Sen. Thomas Kuchel were to change his registration and then go on to win the Democratic nomination, he could trounce Murphy. In other words, either Mosk or Kuchel would be excellent "coalition" candidates.

As to the other elections, President Nixon is being given

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credit for Republican victories in Virginia and New Jersey which he does not deserve. The Republican nominees for governor were the front runners in both states before he decided to campaign for them. Linwood Holton, the Republican nominee in Virginia, had the support of AFL-CIO and the leading Negro voter organization. A vote for Holton was one means of voting against remnants of the Byrd machine.

In New Jersey, the Democrats could hardly escape responsibility for the flourishing Mafia enclaves in the state. Moreover, labor was split and the Hudson County Democratic machine, headed by John V. Kenny, had turned against Meyner. In fact, in this race Cahill, the Republican, had the attributes of a big-city Democrat: Catholic, Irish-American, large family constantly on display, and eccentric diction.

In Pittsburgh, Peter F. Flaherty, a city councilman, who ran against the Democratic machine in the primary, defeated John R. Tabor, the Republican, by a vote of 95,038 to 49,426. A "new politics" type, Flaherty would have nothing to do with the Democratic machine which has been in undisputed control of Pittsburgh for decades. A few days before the election, he published a full account of his campaign expenses and donations; the total came to some $75,000. This forced Tabor to publish a similar statement, which showed contributions of around $450,000 and the list of donors read like the membership of the Duquesne Club. Flaherty's victory is a real upset and will have significant repercussions in the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania.

The Detroit election was close: 257,312 for County Sheriff Roman S. Gribbs and 250,002 for Richard H. Austin, who is a Negro. Both are Democrats, for Detroit elections are conducted on a nonpartisan basis. Detroit is so sharply polarized it is doubtful that any Negro could have been elected, but the size of the Negro vote there and elsewhere is an assurance that Negroes have won a significant role in decision making.

In Cleveland, Carl B. Stokes was re-elected by a narrow margin. In Buffalo, Frank A. Sedita, a Democrat, won re-election for a third term as a Democrat despite an aggressive challenge by Mrs. Alfreda Slominski, a Republican-Conservative "law and order" candidate. A Negro candidate siphoned off 7,000 votes that might otherwise have gone to Sedita, but the bulk of the Negro vote went to him. Nor should it be forgotten that in late October, Sam H. Massell, Jr., with heavy Negro backing, was the first Jew to be elected Mayor of Atlanta, and that Maynard Jackson, a Negro, was elected Vice Mayor. In Birmingham, Arthur D. Shores was the first Negro to be elected to the city council in the history of the city.

Of these elections one can say that the political parties seem to be fragmenting in cities in which there is a heavy Negro vote. It would seem, also, that the greatly blown-up ogre of "Middle America" is to be taken a good deal less seriously than the mass media suggested. The elections do not show a significant swing to the right. If a swing is indicated it is toward what columnist Joseph Kraft has termed "nobody knows what." Political positions in the cities remain, as he puts it, "fluid," with state politics more and more tending to merge with national politics.

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The Comedy of the Theories

Mayor John F. Lindsay's "astounding" (but not to us) victory in New York City's mayoralty election has precipitated the flood of theories that usually comes in the wake of a major political upset. How did it happen? Counted out in the June 17 primary, denied the nomination of his own party, the Mayor nevertheless came back to score a great victory over his two opponents. His victory may not be great in terms of the actual vote count—he received fewer votes than in 1965—but great it is in terms of the odds against him and the way he upset the "professionals" who forge most of the theories.

One thing must be said for these theoreticians: they are ingenious. Race track touts, explaining why some overlooked nag took the race, are no more ingenious than New York's "pros," of both parties, in explaining the victory. One learns that Lindsay won re-election because: he hobnobbed with Israeli Premier Golda Meir; he was doused with champagne in the Mets' dugout; he was photographed with the astronauts; he gave a cordial welcome to Bernadette Devlin and the back of his hand to the Rev. Ian Paisley; he carried at least three *yarmulkes* at all times and wore them on frequent visits to synagogues; he had a lot of money to spend; his television spot commercials were well done; Governor Rockefeller refused to support him, thereby earning him a "sympathy" vote; he is physically attractive to many women voters; his wife is a splendid politician; he raised the issue of the war in Vietnam, which he has opposed for some years; Procaccino was an inept candidate badly managed; Arthur Goldberg endorsed Lindsay; he was photographed with U Thant; many well-known actors and actresses campaigned for him; the Sanitation Workers, with whom he had had a celebrated confrontation, finally supported him; William Buckley insisted on muddying the waters by injecting the Conservative Party candidate into the Republican primary, thereby helping his arch-enemy Lindsay in much the same way that he had done in 1965 when he was himself a candidate; he had the support of *The New York Times* and the *New York Post* and most of the electronic media; and so on and on.

No doubt there is a pinch of truth in some, if not all, of these theories. But as usual the pros have missed the central point. Sen. Charles E. Goodell said it simply—the Mayor was re-elected because he is an "honest, decent, dedicated" public servant. Everyone knows this and most New Yorkers, including the Mayor's rivals and enemies, will concede it. But as a theory, it is far too simple to satisfy the professionals.

More to the point, Senator Goodell's "theory" credits the average voter with far more sense and perception than the pros are ever willing to concede. Yet we submit that that was what re-elected Mayor Lindsay. He has had his share of troubles; he has the toughest administrative job in the country (we do not except the Presidency, where the burdens are greater but not the administrative hang-ups), and he is not a good administrator. He needs now, as he has needed from the start, a tough-minded, expert administrator as Deputy Mayor, and we hope he finds one. But he understands New York and New Yorkers—he even loves the city!—and long before he became Mayor he impressed us as being an "honest, decent, dedicated" public servant.

When you find one of those, you cleave to him, you elect and if possible re-elect him, you honor and respect him. The point about Mayor Lindsay is that his possession of these qualities comes through to voters; he is photogenic (but so was Jimmy Walker); the more important point is that he projects the moral qualities and that they are quite real. An upper-class WASP who can win eight of every ten Negro votes in New York City, who can walk anywhere in Harlem without fear of assault or insult, and actually be greeted with respect and affection, is a man who deserves well of the electorate, black and white.

Answering Mr. Nixon

As far as content went, there was no reason for the President's speech of November 3 on Vietnam. Having nothing to say, he filled the vacuum with self-praise and exhortations that, as one of his critics remarked, were an insult to the intelligence of the audience. Nevertheless a substantial political motive lay behind the address. The October moratorium had Mr. Nixon worried, and he was eager to take some of the steam out of it. It was necessary, therefore, to announce the speech before October 15, and yet to set it far enough ahead so that it might disorient the November moratorium. In the interval, Mr. Nixon may have pondered making some concessions to our opponents in Vietnam, but his own hawkish instincts, the advice of his hard-line counselors, and other impulsions tending in the same direction, resulted in a speech in which he simply stood pat, adding nothing to what he—and Lyndon B. Johnson and Dean Rusk before him—had already said. This required a brutal distortion of history so recent that everyone should be able to spot the manipulation, but millions cannot and these millions, whom Mr. Nixon referred to as "the silent majority," were his target.

Even so, the speech merits analysis at several levels. First, we are told that, like the Miami acceptance speech, he wrote this exercise in rhetoric and histrionics entirely on his own. As then, he secluded himself and worked up draft after draft—ten in all before he was satisfied. This speech, then, is pure Nixon. Consistently enough, there is in it not one phrase or sentence that would make a single heart beat faster, except perhaps in anger. It does not even invite rebuttal. At the close, Mr. Nixon declared that he wished especially to speak to students. He then went through some rhetorical motions, and it is a safe surmise that the majority of young people only despise him the more. Nixon cannot speak to the young because he lacks the feeling and respect for principle that could bring him close to persons who take ideas seriously.

Regarded as a performance, the speech was a fiasco. However willing he might be to take instruction, Mr. Nixon would be the despair of any movie or TV director. There is something about this man, unfortunate for himself and more unfortunate for the country, that puts off anyone with normal human feelings. When he smiles, he radiates a forced joviality. When he attempts to be "sincere,"

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he succeeds in convincing us of his duplicity. It is only when he threatens that he manages to come through. His threat that he would take "strong" action against the enemy if infiltration from North Vietnam were stepped up again, or if the Vietcong mounted widespread attacks, sounded as if at least for the moment, and conditionally, he meant it. Even this he bungled by the immediate, hackneyed follow-up: "This is not a threat."

Civilized Americans, young and old, who listened to this vacuous address could feel only disgust at such an unrelieved sequence of evasion and misrepresentation. Mr. Nixon patted himself on the back for not taking the easy way of unconditional withdrawal when he took office. If that had been the easy way, one suspects he would have taken it. There is no easy way and delay will not provide one. The fact is that our intervention in the Vietnamese civil war was an error of such magnitude, both morally and militarily, that it cannot be corrected (to the extent that it can be corrected at all) except by measures that, from a conventional nationalistic standpoint, will be painful and humiliating. Mr. Nixon has no stomach for such an ordeal. All that is left, then, for him and for those of like mind, is to continue the war in the hope of making an "honorable" peace, i.e., one that can be camouflaged to look like a victory—or a justification for the blood spilled (Mr. Nixon did not speak of the Vietnamese dead). This necessitates our continuing to support the Thieu government and to identify it with the Vietnamese people, who must be pictured as the agonized victims of conspiratorial communism intent on world conquest. And although Mr. Nixon promised eventual withdrawal of American ground troops, he said nothing about air power, which can continue to be exerted in support of Vietnamese cannon fodder from naval aircraft carriers and bases in Thailand.

Mr. Nixon professed to be concerned about a possible "blood bath" if American troops were withdrawn. He does not appear to be concerned about the blood bath which American intervention has inflicted on the Vietnamese people, first by support of the French colonialists, and then by taking over the war after the French defeat. That this has been a brutal war no one who looks at TV from the combat front can doubt; and that reprisals might follow an American withdrawal is certainly possible. But if Mr. Nixon fears such a development, he might better devote himself to preventive measures, which he could negotiate as part of an agreement for American withdrawal, instead of prolonging the war indefinitely by perpetuating fictions as to its origins and goals. Or let him pull out the prospective victims with his troops.

Never, since the 1952 "Checkers" show which cleared Mr. Nixon for the Vice Presidency, has any candidate for high office resorted to such press agentry as when, the morning after his address, Mr. Nixon called in the reporters and joyfully showed the stacks of approving telegrams he had received from his "silent majority." Few who know Mr. Nixon's record and disagree with him would waste even the price of a telegram to tell him what they think of his policies. While giving lip service to the right to dissent, both Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew have made it plain that they will not be swayed by demonstrations in "the streets." But all that remains to those who see the United States—their country as much as it is Mr. Nixon's—going downhill toward dictatorship, is precisely this form of protest. It would serve Mr. Nixon's purpose if the November chapter of the moratorium were to depart from the peaceful character of its beginnings. That danger is what the peace forces must now guard against.

Latin Millstone

In its June 2 issue *The Nation* published "Mexican Auto Swindle," an exposé by the undersigned of the recently mushrooming auto industry in Mexico and Latin America. The examination posed the inescapable inference that the multiplication of new auto plants, far from developing Latin American industry, was proving a leaden weight to its industrial and economic progress. Now comes Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, to make the same indictment, only more harshly.

In a speech delivered at the end of September, he said: "Developing nations spent an estimated $2.1 billion in domestic resources in 1965 to manufacture automotive products. These had a world market value of only $800 million." This loss of $1.3 billion in a single year, McNamara pointed out, "approximates the total amount of resources invested in industrial development by the World Bank in its entire twenty-three years of operation."

When McNamara spoke of the auto industry in the developing countries, he was pointing inevitably to Latin America, which in 1965 produced 80 per cent of the automotive product of the "developing" countries. Presumably, therefore, Latin America had a loss of more than $1 billion in 1965. The situation has not grown better; by the end of this year the gross loss since 1965 may amount to $5 billion. This is a burden that the fragile Latin economy cannot possibly bear. And there is every reason to believe that a solid investigation of the farm equipment, electrical appliance and petroleum industries would reveal similar aberrations. Is it any wonder that the Alliance for Progress has been an experimental disaster?

Some time after World War II, when the economies of Western Europe and Japan had fully recovered and their stocks of capital began to pile up, they quietly but insistently demanded their place in the Latin American sun. Apparently the *Lebensraum* had to be granted them in order to forestall a forbidding internecine conflict. Almost without exception, every manufacturer from the developed countries established multiple auto plants in Latin America. The United States, with an annual auto sales potential of one unit for every twenty people, has four auto companies. Mexico, with a sales potential of one unit for every 450 people, has ten immigrant auto corporations from all sections of the globe. And the same situation is duplicated in the rest of Latin America.

In itself this could be less than fatal, but the rub comes with the practical mechanics of a multiplicity of plants supplying a comparative handful of buyers. Free competition among the corporations is obviously impermissible; the only alternative is to assign production quotas. And mini-production quotas mean low-production equip-

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ment. And that in turn has meant very high prices and the consequent heavy drain on the national economies.

Robert McNamara, production genius of the auto industry, ought to know this. Instead he turns banker and demographer. He assigns some unintelligible fiscal reasons and then laments the population rise. There is a population explosion, but it has caused no impossible density. With a land area more than twice the size of the United States, Latin America is not overpopulated; it is under-farmed and under-industrialized. And this is the by-product of malevolent cartelist stratagems.

If, in revising its Latin American policy, the United States wants to be helpful, it must adopt a program of genuine assistance in the development of a modern machine-building industry and the other prerequisites of late 20th-century production. Some of the deflated auto plants must be turned into cybernetic units of competitive production. All industry must be permitted to develop at the initiative of the national forces with outside assistance in the form of capital and capital goods.

Is this too much to expect? Probably. But Secretary of State Rogers has explicitly declared that Latin America is for us the most important sector of the world. The impending debacle in Southeast Asia may not really be materially costly. We were only trying there to stake out a claim for the future. But convulsions in Latin America, already forecast by Cuba, Peru and Boliva, could create proliferating explosions during the last third of the 20th century. The benign program offered above could at least bring us safely to the 21st. LEO FENSTER

Pentagon Loyalty

The Pentagon has exhibited its curious interpretation of economy by firing the Air Force efficiency expert who revealed to Congress the procurement shenanigans connected with the $2 billion cost overrun on the giant cargo plane, the Lockheed C5A. Thus by abolishing the $31,000-a-year job of A. Ernest Fitzgerald, who has done more than any single individual to expose the inefficiency and even duplicity of high-ranking Air Force officials, the Pentagon has shut the mouth of one of its most articulate critics. A number of Mr. Fitzgerald's duties have been taken over by the consulting firm of Arthur Young & Co. —which is also Lockheed's auditors.

Fitzgerald not only revealed that the C5A, originally estimated at $3.4 billion, would cost an additional $2 billion, but also that the Air Force had taken measures to hide this overrun. He says now that "concern for cost reduction at the Pentagon is regarded as an anti-social activity." The Pentagon, like that other military elite, the German High Command, regards loyalty to itself above loyalty to country. Fitzgerald, nominated by the Air Force in 1967 for the Defense Department's Distinguished Civilian Service Award, made the fatal error of taking his duties too seriously. The dismissal is a personal tragedy for him; for the country, it has broad implications as to the future handling of Department of Defense budgets. What other Pentagon officials, eager to trim the $80 billion defense budget, will recall the experience of A. E. Fitzgerald and decide to be prudent?

If Secretary Laird really meant to carry out his pledge to cut the Pentagon budget "to the bone," he would scarcely have dismissed one of the Pentagon's best efficiency experts as an economy move. What kind of sense does it make to terminate the job of $31,000-a-year employee who has revealed the mismanagement of billions of dollars? It makes the sense that those who make waves at the Pentagon will surely drown in them.

Courtroom Confrontation

Judge Julius J. Hoffman has at last severed the trial of Bobby Seale from those of the other Conspiracy 8, and set it down for April 23, 1970. But he has also sentenced Seale to four years for contempt of court.

It is important to keep the facts in mind. There can be no doubt whatever that Charles Garry of San Francisco was Bobby Seale's personal attorney. He had been for several years; he represented Huey Newton; he is attorney for the Black Panthers; he is Seale's counsel in a trial pending in Connecticut. On September 9 Garry, as chief trial counsel, picked a pretrial team of attorneys to make preliminary motions and the like. In the meantime, he had started a trial in San Francisco which had to be interrupted for a week while he entered the hospital for examinations and tests for a possible gall bladder operation. His physicians let him return to the pending trial on condition that as soon as it was concluded he would enter the hospital for an operation, which he did.

Affidavits were prepared, setting forth the facts, and a motion was made to continue the trial in Chicago from September 24 to November 24, when Garry would presumably be sufficiently recovered to try the case. Under the circumstances, the request was entirely reasonable, but the motion was denied. When the trial opened, Seale was without counsel. At that time, attorneys for the other defendants said that they would look after his interests, or words to that effect; but Seale never designated substitute counsel, nor did Garry.

If the trial had been postponed or if the severance had been ordered initially, the big fuss about Seale would never have occurred. Seale's behavior in the courtroom, while not exactly decorous or respectful, was certainly understandable; he was insisting on his right to be represented by counsel of his choice or to defend himself. And it cannot be denied that he had this fundamental right or that it was arbitrarily abridged by Judge Hoffman. Seale would still be there, gagged and shackled, in a courtroom scene reminiscent of Nazi "justice," if he had capitulated. But he would not knuckle under to the ruling and Judge Hoffman finally had to acknowledge defeat.

As to the contempt charge, it will be appealed by Mr. Garry and it should be dismissed. Judge Hoffman has also quietly piled up a contempt record against two of the defense counsel and at the conclusion of the trial he will no doubt "throw the book" at them. By and large, trial judges get just about the measure of respect they deserve. Judge Hoffman's conduct invited Seale's unruly behavior. Why doesn't the Department of Justice recognize the travesty that this trial has become and ask for dismissal of indictments which should never have been returned?

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LABOR AGAINST ITSELF

THE ALIENATED RANK AND FILE

AL BILIK
Mr. Bilik is director of Ohio Council No. 21, the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFL-CIO).

"Every Monday is '*klassenkampfe*'—'class struggle day,'" explained the Israeli trade union leader. "Each Monday I sit here at the telephone, take calls from our shop committees and members, and listen carefully to all the complaints about the union. This is how I know what the members want."

George Meany, with no class struggle day to help him, assured his Labor Day interviewers that American union leaders have their ways of knowing what the members want. "Somehow, these things filter through to the top."

American trade unionists *are* being heard from, but more and more the voice is that of the wildcat strike, or the hooting down of recommended contract settlements; or the defeat of supposedly entrenched leaders, or—almost routinely now—the rejection of labor-endorsed candidates in the nation's elections.

What goes with the American rank and file? The trade unionist in contemporary America is variously labeled "snob," "bigot," "reactionary" and, by way of explanation or perhaps rationalization, is usually assigned to the affluent middle class. Having allegedly "made it" himself, if not exactly *by* himself, the unionized worker is seen as bent on one thing—the defense to the death of his hard-won perquisites. When George Wallace in 1968 cried, "Don't let them take it away!" the "them" he had in mind were clearly the poor, black minority who threatened the white worker's job, his standard of living, his home and his security in general.

But the same refrain was heard throughout the campaign twenty years earlier—uttered not by George Wallace's forerunner, Strom Thurmond but by Harry Truman. "Don't let them take it away," cried Truman. But the "them" that year was the Republican Party. Like the blacks of 1968, the GOP was accused of wanting to deprive the worker of his job security, his union security and all his other hard-won perquisites.

The average worker in America is not so much affluent as he is eager to become affluent; the average white trade unionist is not so much a bigot as he is a self-protectionist. And he hasn't really changed much over the years. Fifty years ago he wanted social legislation and Chinese exclusion. Because social legislation today seems to be intended only for "them," he appears to be obsessed exclusively by exclusion. And not surprisingly, pleas of the United Fund type by labor's leaders, pleas that the rank and file be its brother's keeper—and to vote that way on Election Day—fall on deaf ears.

Last November, organized labor suffered its worst political defeat in twelve years. Little more than half of the card-carrying union members voted for Humphrey, whereas three out of four unionists had followed their leaders against Goldwater in 1964. Although the leaders held fast to Johnson and his entire program, pollsters warned that the house of labor was as deeply divided as the nation itself. Events tumbled upon one another in rapid succession: Romney, New Hampshire, Kennedy, McCarthy, Rockefeller, Wisconsin—and then, de-escalation, renunciation, assassination, riots. The war uneasily receded as the principal point of focus and friction, giving way to the sharper contrasts of conflict in the cities and on the campuses. It is the domestic crisis that takes on special meaning for the American labor movement, for its stresses test most clearly the ability of organized labor to function effectively in the real world of its members and of those with whom the movement has traditionally been allied.

Union members as early as 1966 had forsaken their leaders. Whether from backlash, boycott or plain boredom, working-class votes switched or stayed home. That was the case again in 1968, despite the investment by labor of vast sums in "register and vote" drives. The international unions cooperated with the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education as never before, yet among those workers who bothered to vote many voted "wrong." Candidates whose record was "right" on poverty, education and civil rights, and who were therefore endorsed by labor's leaders, were rejected by the members at the polls. The heavily unionized states elected governors who were opposed by labor's leadership.

A solution urged by some is better communications. Another is organization in the precincts. Finally, "computerize!" Almost entirely overlooked is the fact that labor has fallen into its present difficulties because it has gradually turned away from its own clearly stated political principles and thus become estranged from its natural allies as well as from its members.

Let's review. The AFL-CIO, if not a revolutionary, has certainly been a resolutionary movement. Conventions have consistently called for national government action on matters of health, education, job and income security and other worker benefits. Resolutions have ringingly demanded these benefits as the right of all Americans and not as charity for some. Progressive tax measures have been urged to pay for such social legislation. How do the major parties respond to the labor challenge?

The Republican Party rejects in principle and in practice the national route, the basic right as opposed to the concept of charity, and the "ability to pay" tax schedule. The Democratic Party, although it still by rote endorses the principle, finds it extremely difficult to deliver in practice. Paradoxically, while the Republican Party nationalizes itself in support of its anti-national doctrine, the Democratic Party, led frequently by conservatives in the Congress and structurally a pick-up-sticks collection of state and local baronies, is incapable of national performance on behalf of its national program. Much has been said about the "Great Society." The lament of the

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Left has been: "If only Johnson had avoided Vietnam, his domestic program would have earned him a place in history." But the fact is that Johnson's program of social legislation, even if entirely accomplished, would have fallen far short, not merely quantitatively but qualitatively, of labor's stated social and economic goals. Because the Johnson administration's preoccupation with poverty tended to stigmatize all its domestic efforts as programs for paupers only, the political consequences for the Democratic Party and for the labor movement have been disastrous. The failure to achieve such parochial labor objectives as repeal of 14b and the protection of situs picketing did evoke a "pox on both your houses" from Mr. Meany, but the official position of the AFL-CIO finally emerged as one of great admiration for the Great Society and enthusiastic recommendation of political candidates on the basis of Great Society votes. Labor lobbyists who worked earnestly on Capitol Hill were impressed; the rank and file was not.

And the image of the national government suffered in the process. A Gallup poll in August 1968 revealed that most Americans, union and nonunion alike, considered big government a greater threat than big business or big labor. Only the black and the poor trusted the national government. Ten years ago a similar poll showed that only 14 per cent of Americans viewed big government as the major threat. Another recent poll indicated that only 18 per cent of those interviewed believed that the federal government spends money more wisely than do the states. If conservative candidates have been successful on platforms of "no taxes" and "law and order," Republican proposals to share federal revenues with the states are likely to accelerate the trend. Republicans may now enjoy the best of both worlds: by demanding that a share of federal tax revenues be returned to the states GOP candidates can capitalize on public distrust and fear of the national government, and at the same time take credit for improved state services without running the political risk of imposing new taxes.

Johnson's mistake was that he tried to convert the federal government into a gigantic community chest. A poverty tag and a means test were applied to all merchandise in the federal do-good bag. The Economic Opportunity Act, publicized as a "war against poverty" and touching as it has on health, education, allowances, jobs, housing and related government services, implied that such services were available only to those who could successfully plead poverty. Thus public health today is pauper's health; public housing is pauper's housing; public job training is pauper's job training. Given the current economic and psychological state of the country, poverty as defined both in dollars and social status, is literally not popular. Although the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962 (MDTA) was originally conceived by President Kennedy as a means to guarantee to victims of automation both *income and dignity* while in training for better jobs, and although in theory it remains that today, it has become so enmeshed in the public mind with the subsequent "war on poverty" that it is now dismissed as just another charity operation that hands out income but withholds dignity. MDTA was the logical vehicle through which not only the unemployed but the millions of *under*employed whites and blacks could have received on-the-job or institutional training; it could have become a drive to tap the full potential of a work force vast numbers of which, for financial or other reasons, had been denied timely education and training.

The means test, which labor rejects in principle, has crept into almost every aspect of federal social legislation; it even threatens a public education system that for 150 years has been accepted as a right to be enjoyed by all. The federal school lunch program, a United States Agriculture Department anachronism, has long permitted a pauper's oath to be extracted from parents of children receiving free lunches. Other ancillary services provided in the schools through the poverty program, such as free dental care, are open only to those who plead poverty. Kindergarten, in the school systems that provide it, has traditionally been considered an integral part of the curriculum to be available to all children in the community, regardless of income. The federally financed version, Head Start, is in reality another kindergarten which although administered by local schools is confined to children of poverty-stricken families. The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 also carries a "poverty" tag, implying that this landmark legislation is for poor people only. We are keenly aware that local education has discriminated against the poor for many years and in many ways, and that federal aid is essential if quality education is at last to be available. But must federal aid to education, after the long years of struggle, be cast in the image of pauper's aid?

This gradual erosion of the principle of government services as the right of all the people is not lost on labor's leadership. But instead of making a frontal attack on the problem, labor has further entrapped itself by, for example, seeking to preserve the respectability of Social Security by stressing that workers contribute directly to the system, as do their employers. This makes a distinction between the welfare or poverty handout and the earned benefit and, because of the psychological problem thus raised, advocates of proposals to finance further benefits from the general revenues are stymied. The AFL-CIO Executive Council did recently suggest cautiously that general taxes would eventually have to be tapped to supplement the Social Security fund, but then quickly went on to endorse the traditional formula for increasing benefits through increased contributions—that is, increased taxes.

Having thus slipped by one crucial question of principle, AFL-CIO proceeds to trip clumsily over the tax principle itself. The Social Security tax is an unfair, regressive tax which, like the rapidly proliferating single-rate, no deduction, municipal earnings taxes, hits hardest those least able to pay. Nevertheless, labor, in principle an exponent of progressive, graduated tax systems, continues to support increases in the Social Security tax. By so doing, labor not only violates its own oft-stated principles; it further compounds an already awkward political problem dealing with taxes. It should be noted that even the small Social Security tax increase built into the

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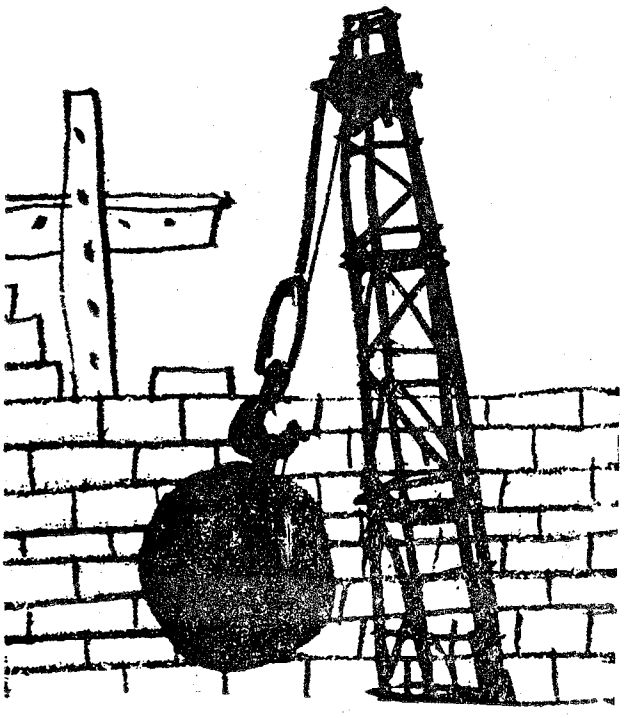
Medicare program was met by ominous lack of enthusiasm among rank-and-file unionists whose average age is considerably below the retirement level.

Union members overwhelmingly favor Social Security improvements and indeed, as a Harris poll affirmed, a national health program for all citizens, not just the elderly. What sours the average unionist, plagued as he is by his own pinched income, is the narrowness of the present government programs and the unfair method of paying for them. Lost in our national preoccupation with poverty and affluence are the facts that the average worker, when fully employed, has an annual income of perhaps $7,000; that for a family of four to live without frills in an urban center demands about $9,500 per year; that the cost of higher education and of adequate health protection are beyond his means; that in these vital departments the average worker is in a very real sense "poverty stricken." He resents that only "they" appear to merit his government's concern and aid.

And it used to be *his* government, he recalls. It appears to him that the federal government has begun to scorn him in favor of the black, poor minority. Social legislation, for which he is taxed, is no longer designed to benefit him. He becomes hostile when it is announced that the government is giving compensatory training to the jobless so that, as he sees it, they can more effectively compete for his job. A white local union officer, perhaps 50, rises at a meeting and protests that he completed the 8th grade and "made it by myself." Now the government is helping only "them."

Yet labor today tends to balance its concern over self-interest matters such as 14b repeal with protestations of unselfish devotion to the welfare of the nonmember, the young, the old, the dispossessed, the persecuted. Union members are assumed to have made it. Indeed, the running argument within the labor movement centers on the relative sincerity of the AFL-CIO commitment to the downtrodden. Sincere or insincere, the slogan remains "let's help those who can't help themselves," connoting a charity concept indistinguishable from the community fund campaign, and hardly calculated to stir enthusiasm among trade unionists.



The average unionist is anxious about his job, income and commitments. The growing incidence of wildcat strikes and rejection of recommended contract settlements testify to his uneasiness. He feels left out, and both Wallace and Nixon reminded him that he has been forgotten. If he is permitted to believe that the government has now become his enemy, bent on taking his taxes in order to create new competition for him on the job and in social status, then he sees his own best interests in defensive votes for Nixon, Wallace and assorted "law and order" candidates at the local level. The answer lies not in telling him that "he's never had it so good." It rests in clear-cut recognition that most Americans have serious job, income, health, education and housing problems and that as a practical matter labor's idealism can be best expressed through the determined pursuit of the enlightened self-interest of its rank and file.

The self-interest of the average worker in governmental guarantees of full employment, job training, for the underemployed and the unemployed, free medical care, free higher education and decent housing harmonizes readily with the needs of most citizens, including of course the very poor. Full-scale pursuit by labor of these objectives as a right, not charity, would at once capture the loyalty of union members, the unorganized and the dispossessed. Those who are in greatest need would be benefited, but without means test, without stigma and, equally important, without recrimination among rank-and-file trade unionists. Rather than urge the unionist to be his brother's keeper, ask simply that he be his brother's brother.

If labor suffers politically it is not because it lacks organizing skill. Or because it doesn't know how to communicate. Labor's problem is that it systematically shortchanges itself in the scope, quality and clarity of the political program it presents to its members. For example, the AFL-CIO executive council last year adopted the following positions on the people's health:

> AFL-CIO demands a 50 per cent increase in Social Security benefits, and we believe that some financing from general revenues is necessary and desirable. . . . We endorse the President's proposal to raise benefits by 20 per cent to be financed by higher Social Security rates and . . . we call for AFL-CIO rallies in March in support of the President's position.
>
> AFL-CIO reaffirms labor's long-sought goal of government financed national health insurance as a right of the American people, and we demand that the Congress act now. . . . We endorse the President's recommendations to extend Medicare to the disabled, although we favor the eventual extension of Medicare to all Social Security beneficiaries.

Imagine collective bargaining conducted at the shop level in the above fashion. Local union leadership that gives away the principle of the program even before the bargaining begins would be repudiated by the rank and file, and this is, of course, the fate of labor at the

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polls. It is perhaps prophetic that certain of the Social Security rallies were held on the ides of March.

Consistent with its best traditions, organized labor ought to *demand* the full package and apply to that goal all the skills acquired over many years of collective bargaining. If a labor organization calls on the employer to grant across-the-board benefits for all workers in the unit, without means test and regardless of income, the same ought to be required of government. If labor insists that the employer finance out of general income the full cost of pension and health benefits for the worker and his family, then labor should take the same position with government. If labor demands union security of the employer, then labor should insist that government guarantee full employment and job security for the worker. Change the Employment Act of 1946 to the FULL Employment Act of 1970. Convert the President's Council of Economic Advisers to a National Planning Agency. *The New York Times* of May 11 reported from England, "Computers to Fit Workseekers to Jobs." On another page of the same issue, it reported, "United States uses computer to select weapons combinations for tank and mechanized infantry battalions." Labor should demand that government put the computers to work for people and for peace.

A few days before his death, Martin Luther King, Jr., in a speech to the striking sanitation workers of Memphis called for an economic Bill of Rights for all Americans. Organized labor has said it time and again in convention resolutions that need only to have new life breathed into them. It can be formulated as follows:

> Every man has the right to the protection of the labor laws of the land. Every man has the right to be fully and gainfully employed, and to a decent income guarantee when working, when unemployed, when in job training, when sick or disabled, and when retired.
>
> Every man's children have the right to free public education through four or more years of college.
>
> Every man and his family have the right to free, quality medical care.
>
> Every man and his family have the right to live in decent housing.
>
> Every man has the equal right to all such rights.

Labor should demand full government payment for this package; it should press it on the parties (it will make them healthier); play it straight across the political bargaining table and not through the cloakroom. Then every election campaign will take on the excitement of a strike, with every polling place a picket line.

But if labor persists in its present course, politically alienating not only those who share its true interests but even its own members, the solution is simple: get out of politics while there is still time. Save the money and the manpower, and perhaps some political allies. To do otherwise may only continue to reward labor's enemies and punish labor's friends.

CHANGE OR STAGNATION

CASE FOR ADVOCACY JOURNALISM

DAVID DEITCH
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The American press is under attack from the Left, the Right and the harassed middle. It needs reform and knows it, but nothing less than profound structural changes will make a qualitative difference sufficient to insure the survival of newspapers as credible agents of information about the society in which they operate.

Structural changes are imperative because the reforms now most often proposed do nothing except increase the existing fantastic level of journalistic self-consciousness. Newspaper managements and editors already get together frequently to discuss the shortcomings of their daily efforts; newspaper men already deliver scathing critiques of their profession. For example, the monthly *Journalism Review* was initiated recently by Chicago journalists who had been unable to print the stories or make the reforms they felt were necessary to the well-being of their dailies. On the national level, a new Washington journal, *Straus Editor's Report,* has been formed to monitor the press.

However, all attempts thus far to accommodate newspapers to the needs of society have failed, and all the evaluations have turned out to be indexes of failure rather than progress toward some satisfactory result. Criticism that does not lead to structural change is simply an exercise in reformist frustration, and the effect has been that the press today is one of the least trusted of the country's national institutions, public or private. Right-wing critics complain that the papers undermine confidence in democratic institutions by striking at the government. The Left insists that, by adhering to so-called balanced reporting, they in fact stabilize the worst features of an inequitable system. The confused middle is rapidly losing its faith in the ability of the daily press to sustain the image of impartiality that newspaper managements—not readers—have demanded.

It thus becomes obvious that the press will not begin to cope with its credibility problem until newspaper managements acknowledge that that mystifying standard, "objectivity," cannot be adequately defined or achieved, that in fact it is pernicious to the society as well as to the institutions of journalism. This neutrality is demanded by newspaper administrators and editors, concerned that the news content remain under tight control; there is no evidence that it serves a public interest.

At a time when people are becoming politically more aware, a newspaper loses credibility when readers

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believe themselves to be manipulated and propagandized on behalf of those who dominate the political economy. It makes no difference how they identify those powers, or whether their evaluation is right or stems from the widening circle of paranoia that seems endemic to a highly centralized society. A commitment to the notion of objectivity has in effect become a sign of manipulation, whether newspaper managements like it or not, and the way to deal with it is to admit that the editorial function is inherently biased, that reporters have opinions of their own and that newspapers, like other large institutions, are political entities.

There is nothing new about these concepts. Newspapers no less than universities must be seen as instruments of either social change or stagnation. The European press has known this for a long time. *Le Monde*, widely regarded as one of the world's greatest newspapers, is described by the Paris correspondent of *The New York Times*:

> Unlike the American practice, there is no copy desk and no division of function between copy editing and reporting. Each staff member is a "journalist" in charge of a specialty. He may cover a story directly or rewrite or edit the news agency reports on his subject. Department chiefs check headlines and make space allotments but do not change copy.
>
> As is the rule in European journalism, there is no clear line between reporting and opinion.
>
> "We are proud," said an editor, "not of our objectivity but of our independence." The assumption is that the reader knows the viewpoint of the reporter and expects it to be reflected in his copy. . . .

(See "Our Press and Theirs: The Mask of Objectivity," by Leslie R. Colitt, *The Nation*, June 17, 1968.)

Le Monde makes itself credible by rejecting the myth of objectivity. It exposes all its biases to the reader, who automatically learns the security of reading "news" that is placed in a readily identifiable context. *Le Monde* journalists—the best in the world—have established their reputations over time on a newspaper that has given them their heads. Readers take issue with *Le Monde* journalists, not with *Le Monde*, and do not feel that they are being propagandized by an objective automaton. The context of the news becomes as important as the news itself—indeed the one can never really be divorced from the other—and journalist and reader engage in a relationship similar to that of actor and audience.

The refusal of American newspapers to consider *Le Monde*'s methods is a kind of mistrust of the public that claims management knows best what readers need or want. Hollywood and TV magnates hold similar views. In the press, however, the fact is that many reporters try to make editorial points between the lines of their objectivity, thus inserting surreptitiously what they should be writing candidly. Says one ex-*Newsweek* man: "If you wanted to express an opinion, there was no problem. Insofar as I recall the techniques, you invented a quote and ascribed it to somebody . . . made up a person if necessary. It's very devious, of course, but it's a substitute merely for doing the sensible thing which would have been to write a first-person story in the first place. . . . Newspaper men are always finding ways to get around whatever inhibitions there are to personal journalism."

But the trouble with using a subterfuge—however much it may clarify the point of a story—is that it still leaves the reader wondering how objective the news story is, how responsible the reporter is, what his biases may be.

The notion still prevails among reporters that they should strive to be as objective as possible. It has a nice, clean-cut ring to it, but nobody has been able to tell them how to approach that elusive goal, much less what it really means. Most reporters and newspapers fall back on the idea that the proper solution is a kind of "balance," a presentation of pro and con that lends itself to mathematical analysis: that is, always try to get the other side of the story, even for just a couple of lines.

It is a puzzle why reporters continue to insist that objectivity, or balance, is the key to the good journalistic life, but one explanation may be that it permits a kind of psychological anonymity. A reporter need not reveal what sort of person he is, uncover his biases. More important, by clinging to the myth that he is indeed being as objective as humanly possible, he can evade personal responsiblity for his work; he is only a technician of the news. Advocacy, on the other hand, openly admitted, requires an exposure of self, a willingness to undergo scrutiny, and a commitment to excellence that seems very demanding.

Some reporters are thus afraid of advocacy. Those who don't feel strongly about things see no reason to take sides. Others correctly perceive that they lack the competence to be advocacy reporters, that they do not really know their "beat." A reporter cannot express his convictions about, say, education unless he has made himself an expert on the problems of schools and the theories of learning.

It follows that the opportunity to become an advocate would cause responsive reporters to acquire the background necessary to acquit themselves creditably. The informed reporter would make himself known as competent to act in his new professional capacity, thus raising the general level of the profession. Those who saw the advocacy role as an opportunity to dispense propaganda would be exposed as soon as the public judged their work against the progress of events.

Many newspapers would maintain that they already permit reporters to become advocates—usually on or opposite the editorial page, but occasionally in the news

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sections. However, managements inevitably insist that these contributions be identified as "columns" or "news analysis." In the absence of a systematic attempt to orient either the public or reporters to the uses of advocacy journalism, these few columns have done nothing to increase the credibility rating of the profession.

What is to be done? One possible course for an adventurous management would be to experiment with a program that devotes a limited amount of space each day to the opinions of those reporters who have sufficient confidence in their ability. The space would be clearly identified as containing advocacy accounts by the writers involved, and the content would be under the control of those producing it. It would be understood by all concerned that the judgments were those of the reporters, who had acquired the privilege of stating them by demonstrating good sense, knowledge and general competence. If the experiment succeeded, it should cause a re-evaluation of space and assignment priorities.

A new city-room attitude should permit the most talented reporters to realize their capabilities for intellectual and investigative work. The less enterprising would be confined to jobs for which opinion was irrelevant, and those inexperienced but eager to learn would be stimulated by the incentive of new standards of excellence. The corruption, cynicism and apathy that have lost newspapers their standing in the community probably cannot be eradicated until reporters are forced to take personal responsibility for their actions. The advocacy experiment would force reporters to identify themselves to the public, and to show in their jobs how they define themselves as political men.

It would also cause newspaper managements to re-evaluate themselves politically, as they redefined the purpose and public need for the daily newspaper in the context of broadcasting competition. For example, regional newspapers are discovering that it makes less and less sense to compete with *The New York Times* on national and international news coverage, even when the wire services give adequate coverage. Instead, they tend increasingly to run news roundup sections. *The Wall Street Journal*'s front page makes very effective use of the roundup technique, leaving personnel available to report and write three original—and frequently outstanding—stories each day.

Excellent newspaper men are forever complaining that they have no time to do the investigative or interpretive reporting of which they are capable. It is odd that a newspaper will boast that its Statehouse reporter has been on the job for twenty years, but never give the readers the benefit of his opinion on state politics, or about how that construction firm got the big contract. A reporter who knows his beat should be expected to tell readers what's on his mind as a basic part of his job. Those who see themselves as recorders of facts should be confined to factual sections of the newspaper—accidents, sports, births and deaths—and those who want to use facts to expose larger issues should not be burdened with a technician's job. Ideally, an idea man should be paired with a facts man, or two or more frankly biased reporters should be permitted to give different points of view on the same political story. Press releases, if important, might be printed verbatim, just like the text of a speech. Rewriting them is worth no one's time.

The market for objective "facts" has been saturated by TV, as newspaper managements well know. Newspapers must provide something more than a statistical expansion of the eleven o'clock news, but no amount of "reform" discussion will produce a new product; the conditions must change. This requires structural innovation, a radical transformation of the American daily newspaper into a social participant, not a mere observer. Neutrality is conceivable only in a political vacuum and nothing is more political than a newspaper. The public knows this and withholds its belief from journals that venerate objectivity.

The key element in journalism, as in all writing and all art, is risk, sometimes personal risk. Newspapers will never be "ready" for personal journalism, for major changes, for a role in the events around them, until reporters and editors are willing to stick their necks out.

PORTUGUESE SHOWCASE

NEW STYLE OF TYRANNY

LOREN JENKINS

Mr. Jenkins is a special correspondent for Newsweek *in Spain. His articles have also appeared in* New Statesman, Atlantic Monthly *and* Jeune Afrique.

Madrid

During a recent visit by Premier Marcelo Caetano to an impoverished village in Portugal's southern Algarve province, a stooped peasant woman turned to her neighbor and said: "This Salazar is nicer than the other one." The story is being repeated gleefully in the cafés around Lisbon's Rossio Square; better than anything else, it describes the mark Caetano has made in the thirteen months since he succeeded the stroke-crippled Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, Portugal's dictator for more than forty years.

While Salazar lives on in the Premier's Sao Bento Palace, partially paralyzed and still thinking he is in power, Caetano sells himself as a nicer, warmer, more human national leader. To this end, the 63-year-old former Lisbon University professor applies all the modern propaganda skills at his command, from periodic fireside chats on television to highly advertised handshaking tours through the villages of metropolitan Portugal, as well as its guerrilla-besieged African colony of Mozambique.

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Everywhere, Caetano presents himself as the nation's all-understanding elder uncle, willing to listen and to observe but rarely willing to alter his ways, except in style.

"The difference between Caetano and Salazar is slight," one well-known opposition leader who had felt the weight of both told me. "Salazar used power and repression gratuitously, just for the sake of it. Caetano is more refined: he uses only as much power and repression as he needs to meet his ends. Salazar was a tyrant. Caetano is not, though he is just as authoritarian."

None of Caetano's embellishments of the *status quo* has been conducted with more hoopla than the National Assembly elections of October 26. To the world—and to his own people—Caetano promised an honest electoral test for the assembly's 130 seats (thirty of which come from the colonies, or "overseas provinces" as the regime prefers to call them, including three seats from the paper colonies of Goa, Damao and Diu, which were seized and incorporated by India in 1961).

To give this vow some credibility, Caetano magnanimously relaxed—but did not abolish—censorship for the twenty-eight days during which the electoral campaign was permitted, and allowed Portugal's long repressed opposition to form "electoral commissions" (but not political parties) to oppose the well-financed National Union, Portugal's only legal party. He also took the ban off the issue of the African colonies, and for the first time allowed the question of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau to be openly debated.

The result was the most open election in more than forty years—but after the decades of Salazar-rigged elections, almost anything would have been more open. Despite some relaxation of the traditional controls, the election was neither honest, nor free nor democratic. Its shortcomings in these respects were noted by a seven-member observer commission of the Socialist International (headed by Austrian Secretary-General Hans Janitschek) just hours before Caetano booted them from the country on charges that they were guilty of "intolerable intervention" in Portugal's internal affairs.

Despite all the talk of openness, less than 20 per cent of metropolitan Portugal's 9.5 million citizens were eligible to vote (and, though the government gave no figures, it was reliably reported that the number of voters among the 15 million Portuguese and Africans living in the "overseas provinces" was only slightly more than 1 per cent). All outdoor political meetings or rallies were forbidden and indoor meetings required prior approval from the police, who were also given permission to disband any meeting they deemed an "incitement to subversion or civil disobedience or slandering of authority." And the censors continued to operate, if less rigidly.

The results were predictable and indistinguishable from past Salazar elections: the National Union won all 130 seats with what the government proudly claimed was 85 per cent of the vote. Even Salazar, who again implied to an interviewer that he still thinks he is Premier, was bundled into a black Cadillac limousine and driven to a polling station where he cast his ballot through the car window, while voters gaped in amazement. "The Portuguese people demonstrated in an unequivocal manner their support for Marcelo Caetano's policy of evolution," a triumphant Caetano man, National Union Secretary-General Jose Melo e Castro, proclaimed in an early hint at just how the bespectacled plain-faced Caetano would seek to build the future.

The triumph was as synthetic as the election was crooked. The opposition had conceded total defeat weeks earlier and made no bones about the fact that the polling was a farce, despite Caetano's pretensions to the contrary. Dr. Francisco Pereira de Moura, a 44-year-old university professor who led the mass-based Socialist Democratic Electoral Commission (CDE), was gratified that in many places up to 50 per cent of the voters abstained, and that his twenty-eight-day-old movement made a generally strong showing in most urban areas, and especially in their industrial districts.

The dynamic CDE, forged from young, militant intellectuals, professional men and workers, soundly defeated the more moderate bourgeois opposition Electoral Commission of Democratic Unity (CEUD), led by the well-known Mario Soares, a 44-year-old lawyer whose opposition to Salazar has earned him twelve arrests and two and a half years of jail and exile. The CDE seems assured of killing off the CEUD, which sought a moderate, almost collaborationist, opposition role, as opposed to the active and uncompromising socialism of the CDE.

The irony of this transparently rigged election is that Caetano, in his moment of manipulated victory, may be on the brink of oblivion. He is walking a knife edge between a new, vigorous opposition that gives no sign of post-election eclipse, and an implacable, ultra-nationalist, neo-Fascist fringe in the National Union which fears that the changing style of authoritarianism may ultimately commit them to extinction.

The opposition groups will pose no direct problem to Caetano. The "electoral commissions," formed for the campaign, are by law dissolved now that the election is over. The opposition, once again, is deprived of any right to organize, but their showing at the polls will undoubtedly keep them alive. And their very persistence will be a grave irritant to the ultras who are seeking to manipulate Caetano for their ends—or, if that fails, to push him aside for a more reliable reactionary.

"The government can no longer ignore our existence," de Moura said, speaking in the tumultuous CDE headquarters on election eve, while bearded students cheered and flashed V-for-victory signs. "Whether or not the government wants it, we will continue to exist. They can't do away with us now—we are too many."

That is precisely what alarms the ultras. Conditioned to corporative, neo-Fascist practices during four decades of relentless dictatorship, they are made nervous by even a semblance of relaxation. From the moment Caetano assumed the premiership, the ultras have studied his every word and move.

Composed of the senior military hierarchy, old-guard Salazarists, Fascists, the paramilitary Portuguese Legion and the financial oligarchy, ever solicitous for its in-

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vestments in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea, the ultra wing of the party has demanded that Salazar's policies continue unchanged. When Caetano during his much publicized visit to Mozambique last summer hinted at some possible softening of colonial rule (his term was "administrative autonomy"), the danger bells began to clang. When during the campaign a vocal opposition openly called for self-determination for the African territories and, in the case of the CDE, for immediate negotiation with the freedom fighters, the ultras decided that Caetano had gone far enough.

The Premier was obviously advised to return to the gospels. Armed Forces Chief of Staff, Gen. Venancio Deslandes, an old conspirator-*manqué* of the Salazar era, was the first to tip the ultras' hand. As the election campaign began, he pointedly warned that the military, which is amply nourished by the continuing colonial struggle, would remain "vigilant" during the election. This hint was widely interpreted as a threat of intervention should things not go according to the National Union scenario. A sign that Caetano understood this signal came in early October when he assumed the Foreign Ministry, which had been given up in a huff by ultra Alberto Franco Nogueira. In a speech to the diplomatic service, the Premier backed off from his earlier ingratiating ambiguity about Africa, stating that he could not comprehend "Portuguese pretending to make peace with leaders of the terrorist movements, to turn over to them territories where millions of countrymen—white and black—are working, confident in the protection of the common motherland." "Withdrawal," he added, "would endanger for many years what we have done in Africa and Europe."

And though it was Caetano who originally opened up the subject of the African territories for debate, by election day the Premier was toeing the ultra line. In a final pre-election television speech, the moon-faced Caetano said: "The results of the election must make it clear that the Portuguese people are not in favor of the abandonment of the overseas provinces. . . . The homeland cannot be discussed."

A more modern, European-oriented man than the introverted recluse whom he succeeded, Caetano is aware of the expense of the colonial struggle (more than 60 per cent of the nation's budget goes to keeping the guerrillas at bay, so that Portuguese companies can operate). He toyed with adopting a softer policy toward the colonies as a means to lighten this financial load and allow the stagnant metropolitan economy to be developed. (Portugal remains one of the poorest countries in Europe, with a per capita income of $430 a year and one of the highest illiteracy rates on the continent.)

The ultras, however, said No. And though Caetano moved to renovate the National Assembly by seeing to it that 70 per cent of the National Union candidates were younger, more technocratically minded and pro-Caetano men than the past Salazar assembly, the Right succeeded in wresting the initiative from the Premier.

The focal point of the reaction is the 51-year-old former Foreign Minister Alberto Franco Nogueira, a loyal Salazar crony who has been almost obsessive in his international defense of Portugal's "civilizing mission" in Africa. Nogueira is a self-proclaimed xenophobe who sees an American, British, or Soviet plot to unseat Portugal from Africa behind every public pronouncement. The sallow-faced, slickly gray-haired Nogueira openly maintains that Portugal is as much, if not more, an African country than a European one.

"I am not interested in Europe," he told me in his book-lined sixth-floor apartment behind the Overseas Ministry on the outskirts of Lisbon. "We have no vital interests in Europe. We do in Africa and we will defend them. We have no alternatives. I am Portuguese. I want to follow Portuguese policies for Portuguese interests." His line is totally isolationist. For him, world communications and interchanges, ideologies and competitions and interlocking economies have no relevance to Portugal. Portugal for the Portuguese, and much of Africa he considers Portugal.

Though Nogueira states that he resigned from the Foreign Ministry in order to run for the assembly, it is no secret that he quit because he suspected Caetano was moderating colonial policy. Since his resignation, he has become the leader of the ultras and has tried to assemble a pressure group within the party from the mixed bag of extremists, neo-Fascists, ultra-nationalists who have rallied to his banner. Because Caetano remained aloof from the electoral campaign until the last three days, Nogueira assumed party leadership in the campaign by default, easily eclipsing Caetano's personally selected party chief, Jose Melo e Castro.

Indeed it was the emergence of Nogueira as a power to be reckoned with in the National Union structure that prompted Caetano to re-examine some of his earlier stylistic innovations and finally plunge into the campaign. Caetano did not have to stand in the general election, since he serves by appointment of President Americo Thomaz, and he sought to remain above the struggle. Nogueira's success, however, forced him in. As the campaign period was coming to an end, Caetano released a two-day newspaper interview that was splashed across the front pages of the pro-government press; he made a last-minute television appeal to the voters in which he warned that their vote would determine "the peace or an eventual civil war."

Nogueira's threat appears sure to continue. When the new assembly meets on November 25, he is expected to be named assembly president, a power base which he will no doubt use to keep Caetano honest to the principles of Salazarism or, if that fails, as a base from which to depose him. Though the younger officer corps is less than enthusiastic about the eight-year-old jungle wars which have felled more than 3,000 of their troops (by Portuguese count), the older military men appear to be siding with Nogueira who would no doubt emerge as the front man in any military coup against Caetano.

As one astute Western diplomat put it: "The National Union is composed of the conservative reformists of Caetano and the Neanderthals of the old guard. There is bound to be a struggle between these elements and only time will tell who is going to win." Thus it would appear all too probable that the real political contest in Portugal is only just beginning, now that the showcase elections are over.

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The Real World Comes to Wyoming

STEVE MURDOCK
Mr. Murdock, a former California political writer, is now on the staff of The Riverton Ranger.

Riverton, Wyo.

Early in September a man sitting in the lobby of the Teton Hotel in Riverton, Wyo., and watching a football game on the lobby television set, declared as part of a discussion that was proceeding along with the game—that the people of Wyoming are "fifty years behind the rest of the country." Fortunately, the remark was not made in a bar and even more fortunately the custom of settling matters of affront with six-guns went out of fashion some time ago, even in Wyoming. Local pride in Wyoming can become a matter of considerable vehemence.

The discussion had been prompted by the fact that three Riverton policemen, including the assistant chief, had announced that they were quitting on October 1 because they considered the pay inadequate and because the force was offered no pension plan. The debate brought out the fact that very few Wyoming cities have any kind of civil service—a reform associated more with the turn of the century than with the space age. That led the man to place Wyoming's outlook a half century off the national pace.

What no one around the television set that Saturday afternoon realized was that manifestations of profound change were about to explode all over Wyoming. Before a month had passed it was clear that, however far Wyoming may have lagged behind the country, some of its citizens were sprinting frantically to catch up. And by the time November had dawned the concept was being considered, at least in some places, that events in Wyoming were a manifestation of a significant change in the structure of thought and feeling across the nation—thought and feeling in relation to the war in Vietnam and other matters as well.

In quick succession an almost heady series of events shook Wyoming, which, although a state of vast distances, is small in population and has an intimate dependence on eight daily newspapers and a chatty network of radio and television stations. The opening move was made by *The Wall Street Journal*, which on October 3 published an account by staff reporter Dennis Farney that became front-page news in all eight dailies and lashed everyone from Gov. Stanley Hathaway to the corner bartender into a fury of hurt pride.

Farney's thesis was that Wyoming, one of four states in the Union to lose population since the 1960 census, had become a faltering society, "dominated culturally and economically by the outer world." His portrayal of the state as a deteriorating sagebrush barony set local reporters to retracing Farney's steps and interviewing again the people to whom he had talked. Each factual error in his story, and there were some, was pounced on as—if not proof of perfidy—at least evidence of reportorial incompetence.

The echoes of *The Wall Street Journal* affair were still bouncing off the by now snowcapped mountain peaks when along came the October 15 moratorium.

To say that it enjoyed a success unexpected in Wyoming is to understate the case. One can hear the incredulity in New York or Los Angeles—"Peace marches in Wyoming?"

Yet, on the cold night of October 15, down Main Street in Riverton (a city of slightly less than 7,000 persons on the Wind River in central Wyoming) came a group of forty young people, mostly Central Wyoming College students. They carried the traditional peace symbols. They purchased candles, lighted them, and marched back up the street to the high school on the hill.

Lorran Minick, the Riverton youth who organized the demonstration, also announced formation of a group called "Students for a Non-Violent Society."

Meanwhile, up the Wind River Valley in the little lumber, hunting and fishing village of Dubois (pop. 800), which sits near the Continental Divide in the Wind River Mountains, Mayor Arden Coad, a service station operator, had already caused a statewide furor. "Somebody's got to support the moratorium," said Coad. "We don't seem to have enough Senators and Congressmen with enough sense to do it."

Coad said he reached his decision after hearing that New York's Mayor Lindsay was supporting the moratorium. "If the mayor of the nation's largest city can back it, the mayor of one of the smallest cities can too."

Coad has three children. One of his sons is serving in the Army in Germany. "I'm not a pacifist," he says. "I'd give anything I have to this country, but this Vietnam War has no meaning." He said he couldn't understand how educated people can pay income taxes to, in effect, have their sons killed. "As long as we pay them, the killing will continue. It's a shame this nation has to have a war economy."

Coad's remarks had no sooner made the papers and the broadcasts than rumors began to fly. There were reports that he had been fired and that the state Veterans of Foreign Wars convention, scheduled for Dubois in January, was being moved elsewhere. Coad put both rumors to rest. He said a lot of people were unhappy with his stand, but they also respected his right to his opinions, and he still had his job. Coad and State VFW Commander Dean Smith of Buffalo both said the convention was not being moved. Smith said, "The 7,000 VFW members feel he earned his right to say what he wants, even though we don't agree with him."

Meanwhile, the moratorium was making itself felt elsewhere in this state, which has slightly more than 300,000 inhabitants. (As *The Wall Street Journal* observed, that is roughly the number of municipal employees in the city of New York.) All across this vast but comparatively unpopulated empire of mountain and sage—this land studded with historic rivers, the Green, the Wind, the Popo Agie, the Big Horn, the Powder, the North Platte, the Sweetwater, the Tongue—something was happening in October that speaks to the national temper.

In Laramie, seat of the University of Wyoming, the

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moratorium was given a name—the Day of Propagation of Peace. There was a letter-to-your-Congressman campaign and a march. A resolution that would have given student senate endorsement to the moratorium was defeated by a vote of only fifteen to twenty. Some 550 marched. Others held a twenty-four-hour vigil. Many classes on the day of the moratorium were devoted to discussion of the war.

In Casper a rally of 200 at Washington Park was addressed by Ernest Wilkerson, a supporter of Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and an unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor in 1966. He denounced "the idiotic expressions which the politicians and the military and the peculiar conglomeration of defense contractors, big labor leaders and others have put together . . ." in support of U.S. intervention in Vietnam "and which they substitute for serious thought."

Two Casper College students, Bill Cole and Mark Ferguson, distributed handbills that read, in part: "This is in coalition with the national Moratorium on the war in Vietnam. The hour is late. Many will die as you are reading this. Please join us. . . ." At Casper College, an open forum on the war was attended by sixty students.

In Cheyenne seven teen-agers asked Governor Hathaway to join them on the steps of the state capitol to read the names of some of the recent war dead in Vietnam. He declined, but the Cheyenne youngsters, lead by a high school senior named John Slough, placed a wreath of red, white and blue carnations, draped in black, in front of the capitol. Names were read from 1:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M., despite near-freezing temperatures.

The Laramie march—with 550 persons ten abreast—stretched for twenty city blocks. It was led by a banner that said, "Give Peace a Chance."

There were counter demonstrations, but the ever-cautious Associated Press said, "There was no jeering from the sidewalks and the march was without incident." Wilkerson, in his address at Casper, called the war "probably the most dishonorable and disgraceful episode in 20th-century American history," the American Legion and the VFW teamed up for a full-page advertisement in the *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, urging—as the AP put it—"everybody to fly their flags." The AP, with its own talent for understatement, said of the two veterans groups, "Both organizations have been negative toward the Moratorium."

Back in Riverton, someone who identified herself only as "Another Mother for Peace" bought rebutting display advertising space in *The Riverton Ranger* to reproduce the poster, "War is not healthy for children and other living things." Also in Riverton a number of high school students and at least two teachers appeared in school on Moratorium Day wearing black arm bands. One of the teachers, Suzanne Hunsucker, was shortly to become embroiled in still another aspect of Wyoming's awakening.

All of this was treated quite respectfully in the Wyoming press. Journalism in Wyoming has a quality that big city sophisticates would call corny, but it maintains a sober respect for facts—and a peace march or a vigil on a cold October day was a fact, deserving the same accurate reporting as would a barn burning.

Over in Lander, at the base of the Wind River mountains, W. Terry Ward wrote in a column in *The Wyoming State Journal*: "The marchers in the Vietnam Moratorium yesterday, with the exception of a few troublemakers, love this country just as much as their fellow men; it is unfair to say otherwise. They are trying, that is something."

The Riverton Ranger said editorially on October 15 Moratorium Day: "Nixon is in the process of getting the United States out of a war, which, in retrospect, most people realize now we should never have been in." Robert Peck, the *Ranger*'s publisher, wrote on the same day: "We're witnessing today a reverse transmission of knowledge, from the young to the old. Neither group has the answers, but the young see clearly that there's got to be a better way, and most of the older people agree." Two days later, the *Casper Star Tribune* said editorially: "The most salutary effect of the Moratorium Day demonstrations was the evidence that it is possible to conduct a protest movement in the United States without hurling Molotov cocktails, burning buildings, looting stores and resorting to other acts of violence."

Horner, New Statesman

Whistler in the Dark

Debate about Moratorium Day might have continued in Wyoming for some time, had it not been for a new crisis, involving the University of Wyoming's unbeaten football team in which the state takes great pride.

On Saturday, October 18, just three days after the moratorium, Wyoming was to play Brigham Young University. This Mormon school has become to black militants the symbol of the discriminatory attitude of the Mormon Church. (Blacks, in the Mormon view, are the descendants of Cain and hence ineligible for the lay priesthood of the Mormon Church.)

Wyoming has an almost infinitesimal black population and a number of its people harbor strong

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prejudices against blacks, Indians and Mexicans. Yet Floyd Eaton, Wyoming's authoritarian and highly successful football coach, has recruited extensively outside the state and has been notably successful in attracting black athletes.

On Friday, October 17, Eaton came face to face with both the black revolution and the revolt against authoritarianism: all fourteen black members of his unbeaten football team, wearing black arm bands, walked into his office to discuss with Eaton their reasons for not wanting to play against Brigham Young the next day. Eaton immediately suspended them from the squad, because by wearing black arm bands they had violated a team rule against participating in demonstrations.

The furor that followed made the comments on the moratorium sound like polite conversation at a pink tea. People in Wyoming, where there is a great tradition for independence and acceptance of the individual for his own worth, are not used to being called racists—but that is what happened to them.

The frontier, which many people in Wyoming hope to preserve as an anachronistic enclave in a moon-age society (some speak of blowing up bridges and blasting pits in the landing strips, if necessary) was an open society that did judge a man, including a black cowboy, by his roping ability, not his pigmentation. Now these advocates of the preservation of the very last frontier were being asked to put their principles to the test in the crisis that faces everyone else in the nation.

And while all of this was going on Mrs. Hunsucker of Riverton High School, who had worn a black arm band while teaching on October 15, was planning a "Love Festival" for her students. The boys and girls were instructed to prepare exhibits concerning love in a variety of concepts.

Alarmed school authorities, egged on by parents, ordered her to take the exhibits down. Mrs. Hunsucker said, "If you want it taken down, take it down yourself."

And so a new crisis came to central Wyoming, hard on the heels of three others—starting with the police crisis in September. Mrs. Hunsucker, 24 years old, blonde and with a Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Southern California, later wrote the school board: "When I left the meeting Friday . . . I felt there was hostility and strong polarization and I accept my share of the burden for that uncompromising situation. With hindsight, I can see that I tend to be unrelenting when my personal worth is being challenged.

"My adrenalin was running full steam. My armor was up and my Irish blood was defending the deeper principles of academic freedom and educational relevance that I felt were the key issues at stake. . . ." When this was written Mrs. Hunsucker had been removed from active classroom teaching, but she was still on the staff.

Any way one looks at the situation, Wyoming seems to be a lot livelier place than *The Wall Street Journal* said it was at the beginning of October. The real world has come to Wyoming.

BLACKS ON CAMPUS

INTEGRATION BY EVASION

ROBERT F. ENGS and JOHN B. WILLIAMS

Mr. Engs and Mr. Williams are both graduates of Princeton University. Mr. Engs, a doctoral candidate at Yale University majoring in Negro history, is currently serving as a field professor to the New Jersey Urban Education Corps. He served as associate director of the Princeton Cooperative School Program in 1966 and was succeeded by Mr. Williams in 1967. Mr. Williams is at present director of Special Programs, New Jersey Urban Education Corps.

The integration of traditionally all-white colleges in this country began ten years ago. But despite the chaos and hullabaloo, despite the black directors and black assistant deans, things haven't changed much since that September in the early sixties when a handful of blacks like ourselves became anomalies on lily-white campuses. As a matter of fact, this very lack of change probably explains the chaos and hullabaloo. White universities, like many other institutions in American society, have been trapped into mistaking changes in appearance for changes in substance, with consequences that have become all too obvious. If this fascinating social drama is not to grow still more strident, it must be given some balance and perspective.

Having gone to a white college and survived, it is difficult for us to work up much sympathy for either the universities or their black students. Both sides are too eager to tinker with machinery rather than to confront the basic principles of education which are really in question. To be fair, however, it seems to have been a lot simpler—though not easier—in our day. For the universities, the implications of admitting Negro students were still undefined, the issues and their possible solutions were still open-ended, and, perhaps, most important, the polarization of blacks and whites outside the universities had not yet become apparent.

That first handful of black students was different, too. One of our professors defined the problem this way: "As representatives of the best in the American tradition of liberal education, we have been woefully negligent in including at our colleges qualified students who are Negroes." And that is what we were—"qualified students who are Negroes." In terms of university requirements, spoken and unspoken, that meant being bright and middle class, with grades and test scores comparable to other students admitted into our class. Our main difference, it seemed to the university—and to us, at first—was one of skin color. We all accepted the idea of integration, at

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least to the extent that we had the right and the ability to compete with whites, in their world on their terms. We didn't worry too much about a separate black culture. If we admitted that there was one, we called it a "subculture" and had been taught to look down upon it as inferior to the white culture.

So really, we also ducked the basic questions about the purpose of education. We tried to accept the university as it defined itself and its role; we wanted to be a part of it. The university tried to accept us as being just like all the other students, except darker. In fact, it was hard to find out how many Negroes there were on campus; university officials claimed they didn't keep such records.

Of course, all of this was an exercise in mutual self-deception. The university didn't really believe we were just like the other students; if it had, it wouldn't have felt the need to spend so much time and energy recruiting black students. Black students had not until then been part of the student body, but the university was content to pass that off as an oversight, now corrected. It was more complicated than that and the consequences of such simplistic answers to such complex questions are now clear—armed black students occupying buildings.

For our part, we helped the university maintain its self-deception. Being the first black students at a white university was not easy; we had many difficulties. But we thought of them as specific and individual; nobody seemed to have heard of institutionalized racism. The problem as we saw it was that a few administrators, professors and students were bigots. There was the director of the dormitories whose unstated policy was to put black students together as roommates or to ask incoming white freshmen if they objected to having a black roommate. There was the political science professor whose pronouncements on American politics factored out black people: "Excluding slavery, Americans came closer to achieving their ideal of democracy during the Jacksonian Era than at any time before or since." Or the English professor who spiced his lectures with race jokes. Or the track coach who seemed to believe that anyone with a black skin was a potential Olympian and insisted that we join the team whether we could run or not.

Our fellow students presented tougher problems. We had to live, eat, sleep, go to class with them, but either we were invisible (the jokes about the "niggers in the kitchen" while we sat at the same dinner table), or they were so intrigued by at last meeting a black who wasn't a servant that they couldn't see us as people. "How do Negroes feel about this, that, or the other thing?" And their self-righteous accusation that we were "oversensitive" when we angrily retorted: "I am not the Negro race's representative to Princeton University; why don't you ask me how *I* feel?"

As we tried to solve these problems of relations with the university's white officials and white students, we began to see and feel what those who have followed us call "institutional racism." Individual professors and students were sympathetic to our gripes, but most of them seemed content to ignore the problems and, again, to tell us we were being oversensitive. It was infuriating to be told, after being insulted by student or professor or campus cop, that the problem was with us instead of them. When we pressed the point, we got paternal lectures about the nature of universities, the importance of faculty autonomy, the overall value of our education at the university, and that these little things shouldn't be allowed to interfere.

Usually, we were able to get some satisfaction. The professors cleaned up the most blatant remarks in their lectures and the track coaches at least checked to see if a black was interested in running before drafting him onto the team. On the other hand, changes of behavior or remarks do not necessarily imply changes in the attitudes that originally produced them. No more did finally taking large numbers of black students deal with the reasons why those students had not been admitted or had not applied in the past. It was becoming clear to us that we were asking the university to change in order to cope with us and that the university was unwilling to do so. We could no longer deceive ourselves that the only difference between us and the other students at school was our color. The university, by being unable to resolve the problems we raised, showed us that our difference was something more pervasive and complex. Though the university did not realize it then, and many still do not, its actions were forcing us to redefine ourselves and our relations with our college.

Here again, things were simpler for us than they are for black students now. We had no need to agree as a group on a positive definition of what being black meant. We still conceived of our problems as individual and different for each of us. Mutual problems with the university forced us apart, rather than together. When we made our adjustments to the university, we acted as individuals, not as a group. After all, we had accepted the university's premise that integration was our goal, and, like the university, were slow to change. To act as a group would have been "clannish," a fault that the university was forever warning us to avoid.

Our resolutions of the problem fell into three general categories. A few who felt the infringement upon their style and personalities most strongly, made an entirely honest decision—they left. Others of us managed to so deceive ourselves as to think that our goals and values really were the same as those of the white students and professors. The overwhelming evidence to the contrary was carefully and painfully ignored. The majority of us made compromises between the two courses. None of our compromises were entirely satisfactory, and all were at least partially dishonest. We stayed at the university. We saw ourselves as Negroes (a far more flexible concept than blacks) at a white university. There were certain things about the university which we would not accept, but the value of this particular university degree was too great to permit us to transfer to another college. We chose to stay, but to reject indignantly and emotionally everything about the university we felt infringed on us as Negro students.

It was a disastrous decision—not so much for ourselves as for the universities and the black students who followed us. Our approach was almost entirely negative

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and self-serving. We never defined precisely what we felt was wrong with the university, nor did we propose positive alternatives. Of course, we cannot be held entirely to blame. The university, by refusing to solve honestly the problems of race that we confronted, never allowed us to get beyond race in defining our difference from the rest of the student body. More important, the university failed to fulfill its basic responsibility as an educational institution. It never required that we state our question clearly and concisely, nor that we analyze the issues honestly, nor that we propose intellectually valid solutions. Above all, the faculty and administration felt no compulsion themselves to engage in an honest analysis of this very real problem. The university, on the contrary, seemed determined to convince itself that it didn't really have a problem. From this pantomime of self-serving and emotionalism by the black student and stupidity and avoidance of issues by the university, the more recent scenes of complete chaos have been elaborated.

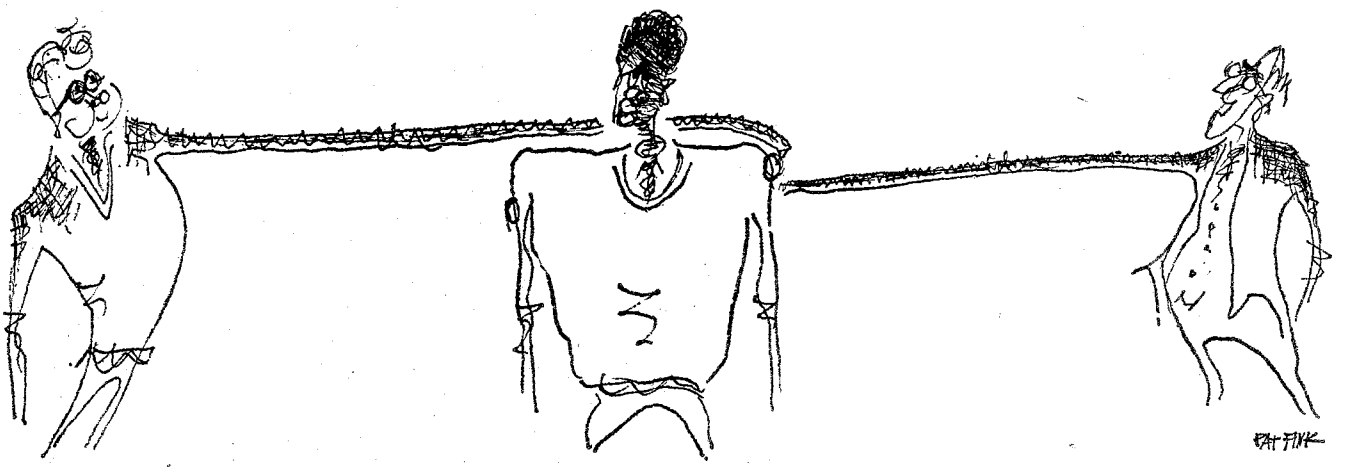
At Princeton the problem came to a focus for us over the organization of Southern (white) students who advocated segregation, which they euphemistically phrased "the Southern point of view on race relations." As many of us were also Southerners (black), we resented the existence of this organization, its exclusive claim to "the Southern point of view," and the university's apparent willingness to tolerate it. We saw an opportunity to strike out against what even we were beginning to call university racism. At least as important, we saw a chance to stop being, as the campus press continually called us, "the one in the class of '65," and one of the "five in the class of '66." We could force recognition of ourselves with names and feelings. So we packed the first meeting of the organization with liberal white friends and got one of us elected vice president. We had a field day; it was all done, we felt, with exceptionally good humor and taste and we got the recognition we sought. We were the darlings of the liberal faculty and students.

Then the campus press editorialized against us for using "neo-Nazi techniques," and President Goheen made some statement about violation of "the Millsian principle of the university as a free market place of ideas." Sure, we asked, but where were you when our ideas were being ignored these past three years? Again there was no real discussion of the educational principles involved. The president had a point, but the Southern conservatives picked it up and beat us over the head with it. The faculty rejected the point because they rejected the segregationists. The question of whether segregation had any validity, of why the organization could be created on our supposedly liberal campus, of why the black students responded to it as they did, of why we chose the destructive techniques that we did, were never raised in contexts where they could be intelligently discussed. These became topics for late-night bull sessions, not for the classroom where all involved might have been required to respond with their minds as well as their emotions.

If nothing else, the take-over of the Southern society forced the university to recognize that it had a problem with its black students. Its response was typical of what it had done in the past and of what helps to sustain the current level of black-white confrontation on campuses across the country. There must, it decided, be something wrong with the black students (not with the university), so it hired a black counselor, unsubtly disguised him as an assistant director of financial aid, and told him to solve our problems for us. It was an impossible task. Our problems, after all, were with the university, not with him and not with ourselves.

Having reached the degree of alienation from the university that then prevailed among us—and for reasons which, even in retrospect, seem entirely valid—we naturally resented being provided with a black father figure. Perhaps we could have overcome that resentment if he had been able to fill the role. But, after all, we knew whom he worked for and so did he. He could not be our advocate with the administration and faculty, because they paid him; nor could he be their spokesman to us, because everyone was smart enough to know we would not put up with that. So he was trapped in the Booker T. Washington role of the "Negro leader"—the mediator and reconciliator. The degree to which that role is irrelevant to the present problems is demonstrated by its complete ineffectiveness in quieting black student dissent across the country.

Our relations with our black counselor were very stormy. The main function he served for the university appeared to be that of lightning rod; we took out our hostilities on him. Perhaps the university was devious



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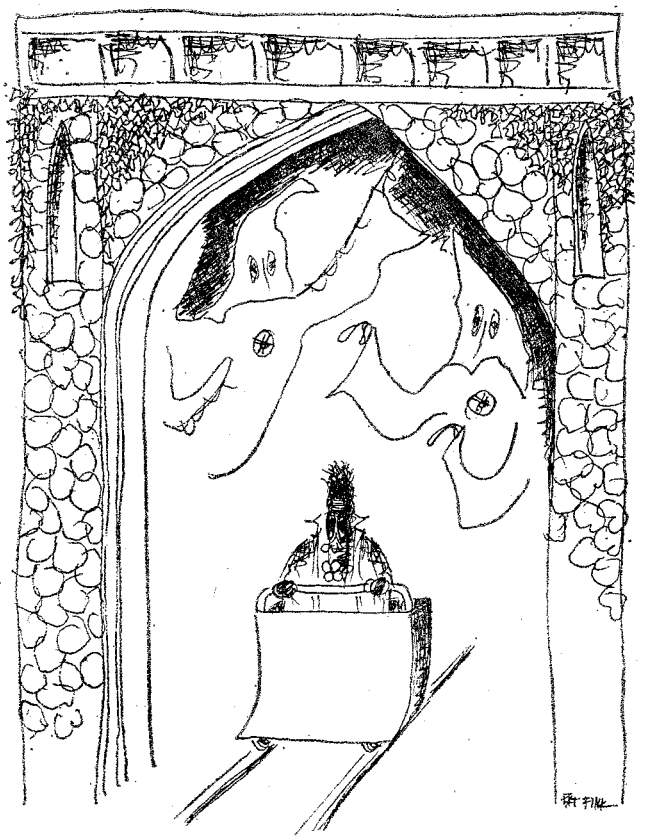
enough to have hired him for just that purpose; white administrators could then get on with their more important tasks. In any case it didn't work. After testing out this new ingredient in the university's response to us, we relapsed into our compromise—we would get our degrees and get out. And we did.

In the years since, we have worked closely with the faculties and administrations of white universities, and with their black students. We have watched the situation grow more complex and more insoluble. Black student emotionalism and self-serving are greater. It was conceivable, after all, that a Negro student could make his peace with a white university and get its degree, but how can a black student do so—especially when he is busy denouncing all about him for not being as black as he is? Universities have carried stupidity, intellectual dishonesty, and avoidance of issues to their logical extremes. If one cannot cope with a handful of black students, why does one energetically recruit hundreds of them? If black students from widely different backgrounds and with different levels of ability continually raise identical objections about the university, and if even white students begin to do the same, shouldn't the university look at itself as well as its students when trying to resolve the problem?

The heart of the problem for the university is that our society is one of conflict and difference. Students, both black and white, are beginning to recognize this reality, but they are ill equipped to handle it, for nothing in their education, nor in ours, prepares students to do so. Universities seem determined to ignore these conflicts and differences, or to treat them as student problems, irrelevant to the learning process which is the business of the university. Because students are not allowed to learn about conflict and how to cope with it in the classroom, it emerges as riots in the dormitory and as occupation of faculty offices.

Our problems as black students on white campuses were but a small part of the total problem of societal conflict. They provided, on the other hand, an excellent opportunity to begin retooling the university so that it could deal with a much better educated and much more aggressive generation of college students. That opportunity was lost and each attempted resolution since then seems to withdraw further from the basic problems. Black studies programs are potentially steps in the right direction, but unless both style of teaching and subject matter change, conflict can also be avoided in a black history course. Unless black students are more willing to hear and debate the opinions of white students in such courses than whites showed themselves to be in "white" history courses, the opportunity to learn to handle conflict and difference will still evade them.

The problem cannot, however, be resolved simply by a change in the academic aspect of university life. Students, particularly black students, need positive relationships with adults who can help them resolve the intellectual and personal conflicts which a college experience creates. College offers a unique opportunity to look at oneself and one's society, but to date colleges have offered no answers to the problems that a student discovers. Rather than making it possible for students to learn from mature faculty members who have found personal, if not universal, solutions to coping with conflict, students are forced back on their own resources at the very time they need the most assistance. Look past the black skin and rhetoric of the "Black House" on any campus and it is difficult to distinguish its students from any other self-selected and self-protective college subgroup. We used to call them fraternities and rejected them as unhealthy and discriminatory. Now, out of fear and confusion, such black groupings are condoned. They are not unhealthy because they are all black but because universities have found no way to insure that they serve a valid educational purpose within the university community. Too often, they have become harbors of anti-intellectualism under the guise of searching for an uncritical definition of black identity.



If a university is truly interested in educating undergraduates, particularly black undergraduates, it must take them as they are upon matriculation. This in no way endangers "standards," for in many ways the young black students are raising questions far more basic than many scholars have lately asked one another. Moreover, until the content of the students' lives is accepted as a valid part of the university learning experience, it will be impossible to teach students the abstract concepts by which they can go about solving their problems and those of the society. This is a most complicated and self-scrutinizing process to ask of any university. But the universities that have begun the process are the ones at which there is a relative degree of racial peace. Those that still persist in tinkering with the machinery will ultimately suffer the breakdown of the institution itself.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Ammons, Ashbery, Bly, Bowers, Corso . . .

ALONE WITH AMERICA: Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950. *By Richard Howard. Atheneum Publishers. 594 pp. $12.95.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH
Mr. Molesworth teaches English at Queens College. He has published poetry and criticism in Salmagundi, Poetry, University Review *and* Genre.

Neoterics, Scriblerus, breath-line: these are easy and effective labels for our poets; they enable us to place them without much work, or perhaps make our work *on* them placeable. The taxonomic mystery persists, and only a fool would insist that proper naming of poetic trends or groups, never mind for the moment what they say, is not a legitimate function of criticism at the present time. At the other extreme, we have the fully deployed sensibility, inviolate of ideas or labels, roaming in the fields. At a symposium on criticism some nondiscursive partisan rose to ask, "Why not just admit the best critics of the century are its best novelist and its best poet—Lawrence and Pound." To reply to that is to mark oneself as soulless and tasteless. There you are, either you go around pinning labels on people whose whole life's work is confronting the difficulty of proper naming, or you get yourself born as an artist.

Fortunately, there are other ways to perform the critical task, less stable on the one hand and less glamorous on the other, but necessary and valuable. When the object of scrutiny is poetry, and contemporary American poetry at that, however, various alternatives present difficulties of their own, some self-engendered, others a result of the object itself. Poetry reviewing is scandalous for all the known, obvious reasons: it's always done by other poets, and is little more than an exercise in vicarious self-promotion: or the reviewer is so temperamentally (and, yes, programmatically) opposed to the work at hand that nothing results but exercised frustration and opulent bitchiness. (Consider the recent one-word comment by James Dickey on the total opus of Robert Bly: "disgusting.") And poetry grows more hermetic every day, faction-ridden, elitist, and increasingly removed from the center of attention, though, strange to say, it still matters.

How might a serious poetry reviewer make us pay attention to what he considers important, considering the two extreme methods to be, for all sorts of reasons, unavailable to him? How can he avoid the temptation to overpraise or to reject out of hand? How can he help to create those great audiences Whitman saw as necessary?

Richard Howard, writing here on forty-one contemporary poets, has employed a way he describes like this: "the entire production—prose and verse, translation and criticism—is drawn on, is mined out to forge a free standing *figure* which will suggest not only the monuments but the *career* encompassing them as moments of its course." The metallurgical image, especially when refined into a statuary one, suggests a static, frozen approach; but that is modified by a kinetic sense of the course of each poet's growth.

That conflict between the static, the immutable, the memorable and hence the mythic, on the one hand, and the kinetic, the unique, the quotidian, hence the Adamic on the other, runs throughout Howard's book. Though quick to find it in many poets, he is reluctant to credit its initial formulation to Roy Harvey Pearce in *The Continuity of American Poetry*. (Though in his Foreword he acknowledges not only his but his fellow poets' debt to such critics as Burke, Blackmur, Frye, Wimsatt and Nemerov. He seems not the least scandalized to suggest that poets learn from critics.)

So from A. R. Ammons to James Wright, as the rigid alphabet runs, and from "John Ashbery to Louis Simpson, by way of James Dickey and W. S. Merwin, and Kenneth Koch and Sylvia Plath," as the checkered dust jacket notes, all concern for schools, for groupings, for forces is abjured, and we are left with "free-standing creative figures." Perhaps this is Howard's way of mediating between the labeling impulse and the visionary flight. However, implicit criticism is contained just in his choices and his allotment of space. (Ed Dorn and Charles Olson are excluded, while Richard Hugo and Edgar Bowers, one is compelled to say, sneak in. Allen Ginsberg is given only 6 pages and Denise Levertov 13, while Irving Feldman gets 9 and John Hollander 31! All too often the critic's job has been pre-empted by the publicity machine churning day and night in the hidden sealed world of poetry.)

As for the book's title, it is completely gratuitous. *Alone With America* could hardly be less concerned with America as a geo-political entity, not to mention its status as a cultural myth. Howard does pause to point out that Donald Justice published fifty poems in his first two books, one for each state in the union. Beyond that, he rarely travels in the country itself.

Leaving aside as better unexplored the American aspects of Howard's critical vocabulary, one should not be surprised to find European dicta operating as guides to his formulations. Himself a well-known translator from the French (more than 100 titles), Howard is much more likely to quote Paul Eluard than Edwin Arlington Robinson. In fact, he does quote Eluard in at least three separate essays. Most contemporary American poetry is as intercontinental (if not cosmopolitan) in its accents as that of any other period in literature. Bly and Wright owe much to Trakl, Snodgrass to Rilke, Merwin to Guillén. Since Eliot found Laforgue, a pervasive air of polite smuggling covers the land. The Yale Series of Younger Poets, the Lamont Award, the Pulitzer, Guggenheim travel grants—how often do those honors result in translations!

In many ways, then, Howard's expert knowledge of continental literature places him in an advantageous position. Disposed toward the "academic" tradition of American poetry, he is wise and adroit in his insistence on shunning such an easy label. (I resort to it here only out of necessity. As I said, taxonomy persists.) Academic poetry is not the whole expanse but the area most in the eyes of the professional judges. It owes its sophistication to European models, its prestige to these judges. This is the mode to which Howard's sensibility is most attuned. It is the dominant mode of American poetry perhaps because of critics like Howard.

The essays divide themselves into three main patterns of methodology. First is the rehearsal of the poet's career. This usually proceeds with the mild disclaimer that while the first book was heavily clotted with influences undigested, the third has begun to master poetic areas as yet uncharted. How can it be that of forty-one poets, all forty-one have had second books which advanced over their initial efforts, and third attempts which rectified the flaws caused by the second's too earnest striving to improve the limitations of the first? Still, it happens. In

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this category, the Dickey essay is the best; the weakest is the one on James Wright. Now there's a career which needs an explanation of its development—though maybe there is none, beyond Wright's own Protestant pomposity: "Whatever I write from now on will be entirely different . . . I am finished with what I was doing." He has, apparently, put on the Pauline new man.

Then there is the method derived from looking for a poet's central image, theme or statement, and tracing its development and distortions through the paces. This leads Howard to consider weak poems equally with strong ones, an evaluative leveling which he is guilty of in other ways as well. So we find out about Galway Kinnell and fire, Robert Bly and the sea, and so on. Discussing John Ashbery and the notion of *en abyme*, setting one experience or perception inside another, Howard is brilliant. But in discussing how Adrienne Rich learns to become entranced with the "exact premonition," he quotes some very weak lines, making a thin poet appear thinner.

> . . . she creates a voice as exact and premonitory as that of any nurse, as entranced as that of any virgin, as erotic as that of any temple prostitute, all of whom she resumes and restores when she says, at that end where she is most herself:
>
> *For us the work undoes itself over and over;*
> *The grass grows back, the dust collects,*
> *the scar breaks open.*

To use language like this is to give a man a blanket when he needs a lamp. Miss Rich's poetry may suffer from virginal entrancement or even vestal prostitution, but it's hard to guess it from the lines quoted. At this rate of inflation, we should soon have studies of the Platonic elements in Rod McKuen. In fact, Howard's main flaw is this tendency to overinflate second (or third) order poets while leveling those voices and careers which are more engaging and instructive.

The last methodology that Howard derives is evaluation by etymology. The child of Burke and Empson, Howard is often reminding us that *parentage* and *preparation* share the same root, that *glamour* is a Scotch corruption of *grammar*, and so on. Occasionally such historical retentiveness can be useful, such linguistic double-checking profitable. For example, *rip-rap* means not only a "cobble of stones" as Gary Synder tells us himself and as we need to know to begin to appreciate his aesthetic; but, Howard points out, it also means "a kind of firewood that when lighted makes a succession of sharp explosions and jumps." That further clarifies Snyder's poetry for it is in the metaphoric space between those two meanings that his poetry operates. But often these etymological exercises are really not evaluative at all, as when we are reminded many times that *verse* means a turning, or as Howard glosses it, a re-turning to a fixed standard or metric.

Escape from evaluation is, finally, the common flaw of each approach. Each has its advantages, to be sure. The essays on Creeley, Koch and Merwin are all first rate. (This is largely because they are among the best poets considered, but nowhere does Howard maintain that, let alone attempt to demonstrate it.)

Still, in its avoidance of evaluation, Howard's criticism possesses an advantage in dealing with its subject matter. American poetry since 1950 has been blessed and cursed with precious irony, an irony born often of alienation and frustration, trained to balance perfectly the extremes of emotional possibility. In doing so it has often been bereft of real emotional contact, failing to offer that evaluation of experience that the best artists always provide. Howard says that William Meredith's odes to duty "constitute a lamentable genre but a real distinction," and we recall the war poetry of Shapiro and others, remembering, alas, that the distinction is largely one of versification. When we're told that some risky "moments . . . justify, even as they jeopardize" Merrill's gifts, we think of Berryman's Henry and his pathetic jeopardy. When we see Anne Sexton's career as "an excruciating trajectory of self-destruction, so that it is by her failures in her own enterprise that she succeeds, and by her success as an artist that she fails herself," we suddenly realize that Howard is, after all, describing the peculiar nature of American poetry since 1950: it often fails itself through its very successes.

Since criticism performed with either the handy label or the gifted sensibility is too extreme for daily bounds, the criticism of poetry ends up suffering the same fate as its subject. Howard's book is a formidable enterprise, and better by far than anything on the subject. Still, it can be said of critical studies as it can of poems, that "When they become so derivative as to become/ unintelligible,/ the same may be said for all of us, that we/ do not admire what/ we cannot understand." The view is clearer, if not more comfortable, at the poles.

'Suggest Thorough Reconnaissance'

TRUTH IS THE FIRST CASUALTY. *By Joseph C. Goulden. Rand McNally & Co. 285 pp. $6.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON
Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson *(Coward-McCann). He is now working on a study of the foreign policy of President Kennedy, to be published by Viking Press.*

This account of the Gulf of Tonkin incidents is of the first importance and not only because the Tonkin resolution was—to use Nicholas deB. Katzenbach's now famous phrase—the "functional equivalent" of a declaration of war. Beyond the resolution's enormous significance as the turning point of the Vietnamese War are the deeply serious questions this book poses about the American system of government in the postwar years.

Putting aside these deeper questions for the moment, Goulden's book would be of enduring value even if he had done nothing beyond what he has done so superbly: reconstruct the chaotic events of these first days of August 1964. By now there can be hardly anyone left who puts much credence in the Johnson administration's account of what happened in the Gulf of Tonkin. After reading Goulden's account, carefully assembled from official documents and interviews of participants, one can only conclude that even as American bombers took off for the "retaliatory" attack on North Vietnam, there was considerable doubt on the scene, at Pacific headquarters and in Washington about what actually took place on the stormy seas of the Tonkin Gulf on that pitch-black night of August 4. That is a charitable assessment. Many readers will conclude, as did this one, that the alleged attacks on the destroyers *Maddox* and *C. Turner Joy* simply *did not take place at all.*

One could possibly understand a decision based on faulty, incomplete information if the facts seemed clear then and only later were called into question. But immediately after the supposed naval engagement, Capt. John J. Herrick, commander of the patrol, radioed Pacific headquarters: "Entire action leaves many doubts, except for *apparent* [my emphasis] attempted ambush at beginning. Suggest thorough reconnaissance in daylight by aircraft."

That alone should have been enough at least to postpone action of the magnitude that was soon to take place. But shortly thereafter Herrick sent another message: "Review of action makes re-

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ported contacts and torpedoes fired appear doubtful. . . . Freak weather effects and overeager sonarman may have accounted for many reports. No actual visual sightings by *Maddox*. Suggest complete evaluation before any further action." The evidence consisted largely of radar and sonar reports in weather and operational circumstances that made them very unreliable.

Secretary McNamara saw this message and he called on the scrambler telephone Adm. Ulysses Grant Sharp, Jr., Pacific naval commander, and demanded that the engagement be substantiated before the planes were sent over North Vietnam. He soon got that confirmation. Herrick had been bombarded by messages from a whole clutch of admirals and his doubts had now vanished. No one who has ever served in a chain of command, military or civilian, will be surprised. Superiors usually get the reports they want from juniors. Yet the fact was as plain then as it was later that supporting evidence was sketchy and questionable.

Why, in the light of these indisputable facts, Admiral Sharp gave so quick an answer and why McNamara, Rusk and Johnson acted in such haste on so grave a matter are questions only they can answer. It would seem to have been an act of great irresponsibility by the three American officials who should have been most responsible. One must also ask another question of judgment, a question not asked by Goulden. Even if the second Tonkin incident took place, how could it justify a major act of war in response? According to the Johnson administration the total damage to the American ships was caused by one bullet—one bullet—that landed harmlessly on the *Maddox* in the confirmed first incident on August 2. And for that the North Vietnamese paid with three PT boats badly damaged. Sufficient, one would think. The punishment of a series of heavy air strikes certainly did not fit the crime of a minor naval skirmish—even if the crime took place as charged.

Goulden discusses several aspects that put into question the entire patrol; the *Maddox*, for instance, was not on "routine patrol" but was engaged in electronic spying. But beyond the Tonkin incidents themselves lie deeper questions. Was the Tonkin affair a long sought after pretext for a joint resolution that would give Johnson a "blank check" to do what he wanted in Southeast Asia? The evidence suggests it was. And did the administration ram it through in the heat of the moment, refusing amendments on the ground that they would comfort the enemy (an argument we've heard often since), knowing that its specific language went far beyond the intent of Congress which wanted only to show support for the President in a moment of supposed crisis and not authorize an escalation of the conflict?

The Tonkin incidents also raised the frightening question of deception in government. As U Thant observed, "In times of war and of hostilities the first casualty is truth." This was certainly so in the Tonkin affair. The administration misrepresented facts, denied the Senate Foreign Relations Committee pertinent data, and doctored other information. McNamara, when he appeared before the committee, twisted and turned and played with words.

Goulden's fine book also causes a reader to wonder anew about the competence of the military in its own field. Many of us have seriously doubted its competence in global strategy or foreign policy but we assumed that the military was at least technically adept. However, Goulden tells us that another electronic spy ship, the *Liberty*, sunk by Israeli planes during the Six Day War, was ordered out of the danger zone but the messages incredibly went to the Philippines, to Fort Meade, Md., to Asmara, Ethiopia, and to Morocco but not to the *Liberty*. Add to that the *Pueblo* fiasco and the recent incident in which a plane was able to fly from Cuba unchallenged to the airfield where the President's plane stood, and you begin to wonder.

More basic still is the question of Presidential execution of foreign policy. Liberals, who more than anyone else have long championed the increase of Presidential powers, now have to face the consequences of that policy. One President after another has gone far beyond his constitutional powers in committing American troops abroad. These Presidents have steadily usurped the constitutional powers of Congress with the enthusiastic support of most liberals. And look where it has led.

Liberals have not only advocated a form of Presidential dictatorship in for-

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

Goldfinches lift from nowhere,
climb,
dip,
piping per-chic-o-ree
twice at the crest of each wave,
then are gone
from December sun,
leaving me lightfooted
light.

Before April bee
will roar thru my stringtied
violets,
spider bounce
on his homemade trampoline,
ballerina moth
figure my mother's grave,
or wind bring
the coupling clank
of I.C. coal cars
from the valley where
my mother's eyeblue
River eases by,
and things are things again:

I pocket the bone-rattle
of my beads,
catch mortal breath
within sight of my brother's
rococo roses,
candle parched and
incredible as waxen flesh,
and when my breath moves with
a wind moving a tiny
skull of autumn leaf
on checkerboard sod,
I give short shrift
to the boy in me
asking
how do I cope with a ghost.

Before night will touch the fallen
oak with its record of rings,
lower on my mother's grave,
reach me:
I will tend
light.

Filigree twig shadow
stirs like lace
on my hand and withered grass,
like lace in a tintype
for the eyes' appraisal,
sun splinters to
matchwood
in my gathering arms.
My mother relates to the
universe, this Iowa hill
and manchild:
flesh is shattered,
spirit refracted

Fifty trillion
cells of me
rise with the Massbread
dough in my oven at home.
Goldfinches lift from nowhere,
climb,
dip,
lantern the abundant air.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

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eign affairs but have fostered elitism, with themselves, of course, as the elite: such liberals, such intellectuals as McNamara and the Bundys and the Rostows and Kissinger. They all believe that only the men around the President have the intelligence (in several senses) to carry out foreign policy. They believe that neither Congress nor the man in the street knows enough to make a valid judgment. And that is still the kind of thing we're hearing from the White House now. Perhaps it is this kind of personal arrogance multiplied many times that has led to the national "arrogance of power."

These are things we need to discuss and Goulden has made a real contribution. He has given us vital facts about one of the crucial events, or nonevents, in American history. Future historians will be grateful.

The Ready-Made Crisis

ARTWORKS AND PACKAGES. *By Harold Rosenberg. Horizon Press. 232 pp. $17.50.*

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The difference between artworks and packages is amplified by other antitheses which Harold Rosenberg discusses, the difference between "the opus and the commodity," between the museum and the market. All evince an us/them polarity in which the enemy is the mass media, a term that Rosenberg applies to almost any public treatment of art outside the studio. Rosenberg's original argument in the early fifties was that the act of creation as a form of knowledge was so potent that it wiped out other forms of knowledge of art. He is less fanatic in his definition of the act now, but he is showing sustained zeal in exposing the false forms of knowledge. "The museum itself is being transformed into a mechanism of mass communication"; "art has entered the media system"; and "the media turn art into media" are characteristic pronouncements.

In contrast to the illusive but deep experience of the artwork, Rosenberg argues, "packaging" is the ultimate vicious form of the mass media. By packaging he means the panoply of supplementary information about art. Exhibition histories, catalogue entries, references and reproductions in journals and books accrue to the work of art in what Rosenberg regards as a network of false commentary, like an advertising campaign. "Cornflakes" or a "retrospective exhibition of the paintings of Jackson Pollock"—it's all packaging according to Rosenberg. (Would not the same hold true of the recent retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art of his friend Willem de Kooning arranged by Tom Hess—to whom this book is dedicated?)

By seeing art as the opposition to (as well as the opposite of) the mass media, Rosenberg is trying to find something useful for art to do. "Art today needs political consciousness in order to free itself from the frivolity of continual insurrections confined to art galleries and museums." It is curious that Rosenberg attaches so little value to the changes in art registered in the places that by definition show art. I find it no more strange than that Rosenberg should urge revolution in *The New Yorker* and celebrate the coonskinner in *Art News*. His suspicion of museums and art galleries could be taken as no more than a writer's professional hostility toward other, rather effective, channels (like newsmen knocking television); but it is clear that Rosenberg is no less critical of art.

In 1952 in his lively but abortive essay, "The American Action Painters," he stated: "the gesture on the canvas was a gesture of liberation, from Value—political, aesthetic, moral." In his new book, however, art is defined very differently, as "symbols of activities of mind that extend beyond the skill involved in their production." The work of art is evidence of value, after all: a position that Rosenberg had to resort to if, as he believes, "politics haunts the art of our time." It seems to haunt one of our art critics. According to him, "Action painting became a mythical substitute for the myths of the American Social Revolution"—a strange explanation of the divergent art of Pollock, Hans Hofmann, and de Kooning, who are mentioned together as Action painters, along with Barnett Newman, described as "very close to being one." (It is interesting to learn that one can be almost an Action painter.)

Rosenberg is forever expanding his once hermetic term *Action* to include, for example, Futurism and Paul Klee, though the argument advanced rests mainly on the term's lack of definition. Rosenberg asserts that since the Futurists, "action had been the pledge" on which all *avant-gardes* flourished. And of Klee he says: "color, line, plane are translated into verbs." His piece on Klee is the most openly affirmative and interesting one in the book, but to claim him for Action via verbs (*doing* words) is a case of kidnapping.

Thus Rosenberg in his new book makes dual claims for Action painting as simultaneously a mode of political commitment and a key term of Kenneth Burke-like copiousness. He is pretty cool to most of the cool art after Action painting (now generally called Abstract Expressionism), but he makes one exception when he notes that "Action painting, or—by the testimony of Allan Kaprow—the *idea* of Action painting, led logically to the Happening." It is embarrassing that Rosenberg should feel he has to advertise in this way, for while it is true that Kaprow liked the term, his formulation of the early Happenings was the result of a cluster of influences, not just one, as Rosenberg implies.

A part of the difficulty I have with Rosenberg is that he writes as if he were immune to the ironies and pollutions that he loves to identify in others. How did he get above the battle? What he has done is translate the Marxist historical overview into the feigned omnipotence of the literary essayist. Since *The Tradition of the New* in 1960, Rosenberg has moved from criticism toward the essayistic; that is to say, away from tight argument about particular problems or situations toward general reflections. He writes about the Art Scene rather in the way that Joseph Addison wrote about The Town, which he set up as a steady state of folly, vice and error. In the 19th century the image of The Town became The Age, a larger unit but one that supported a similar stock of moralistic reflections about the failures, dangers and evils of the Present Age as compared with history.

After Town and Age the stock subject of the 20th-century essay is Crisis. It is standard form when writing to announce a crisis, chart its ramifications, and controvert the fallacies that made it possible. This makes for much more thrilling reading than straight art criticism with analytical intentions or with small-scale targets. The reader of Crisis-essays gets free glimpses of vast, unargued schemes of history, the human condition, society, technology, and of course mass communications. There is, therefore, a built-in reassurance to the reader about the relevance of the essay he is reading. The tactic of the ready-made crisis, as a matter of fact, might be considered one of packaging.

The tone of Rosenberg's recent essays is more urbane than it used to be and he mentions many more artists by name. As a reviewer of current shows, and as a student of the symptoms of crisis, he is forced to write continually about the young or the younger artist, though never with much delight. He is con-

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vinced neither by the super-object of literalist art nor by the anti-object of conceptual art. His comments are ironic and derogatory, which is, after all, the standard attitude of the essayist chiding youthful foibles and extravagance, as earlier essayists might have said.

Rosenberg's withdrawal of support from younger artists and new movements, his corrective theory of the mass media, and his attempt to include traditional artworks within the province of his original exaggeration of Action, have a cumulative effect very different from the impact of his early pieces. Once he wrote for or on behalf of artists, usually de Kooning, and poets, himself probably, which gave his work a topical intensity rare in the early 1950s. Now he seems taken up with the defense of his past position and with the imperial spread of his slogan. In terms of the politics by which he seems haunted he is hardly the expected revolutionary. Even his attacks on the mass media sound more like a conservative complaint about the changing world than a speculative play with their possibilities.

Legacy of the Enlightenment

THE ESTATE. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated by Joseph Singer, Elaine Gottlieb, Elizabeth Shub. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 374 pp. $6.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL
Mr. Kriegel is the author of a forthcoming book on Edmund Wilson. He teaches at the City College of New York.

Through their sense of tradition, the line of spiritual as well as historical continuity, the novels of Isaac Bashevis Singer challenge our belief in progress. The old, the established, the tested—the triumph lies here. And Singer, writing in Yiddish, not only celebrates *shtetl* life, he celebrates it without sentimentality and without apology.

The Estate, the latest of his novels to be translated into English, is "a sequel to and the conclusion of *The Manor*." It opens with the death of a man of this world, Clara Jacoby's father, Daniel Kaminer, and concludes with the death of Jochanan, the saintly Hasidic Rabbi of Marshinov. Between these deaths, the novel probes the breakup of the *shtetl*, the Jew's struggle to establish a foothold in Poland near the end of the 19th century, and his emergence into a world in which the boundaries are still recognizable but have begun to shift. To go out into the world as a Jew is unsatisfactory, but to go out into the world as a non-Jew is ultimately impossible. Man's estate, at any time and place, is restrictive; paradoxically when it contains new possibilities, restriction becomes constriction.

The Estate is a novel in which ideas are taken seriously because it is about a culture—and about a particular time in that culture's development—which took ideas seriously. Eastern European Jews in the 19th century were bursting with the overflow of the Enlightenment: liberalism, assimilationism, Zionism, socialism—the choices were as real as they were intense. They were debated with passion by people who desired to stake their claim to all of life's possibilities. The ideas in this novel, however dated they may seem, remain surprisingly vital, even the ideas about God. For Singer is one of the few modern writers who takes the idea of God seriously enough to mean it when one of his characters questions divine existence.

Sin and guilt are never far from the surface in Singer's work. In *The Estate*, Ezriel, now established as a doctor in Warsaw, finds himself wishing for the day when his wife, Shaindel, can be sent to an insane asylum so that he can be free to live with Olga Bielikov, his assimilated mistress. But Ezriel, who has chosen the way of Enlightenment over the way of the Hasidim, discovers that he cannot cast aside that which is part of him. To be a Jew is to be. His son, Joziek, emigrates to Palestine in response to Polish anti-Semitism; Shaindel dies in the asylum; Mirale, his sister, sacrifices herself for the Socialist revolution; his daughter, Zina, follows in her aunt's footsteps and becomes a revolutionary; his youngest son, Misha, is left with the Rabbi of Marshinov in order that he may become what Ezriel himself once was, an orthodox Jew; and Ezriel chooses emigration to Palestine, where at least he can feel himself a part of a history that cannot be obliterated.

Ezriel is the character in whom the fate of the Jews is depicted; his assimilation fails because it leaves him, finally, only with Western ennui. "In all the years that Ezriel had studied, had wrangled with himself, he had believed that he was destined for something higher. He had been dazzled by such words as culture, humanity, progress, civilization. Now the awakening had come. He had been left without a

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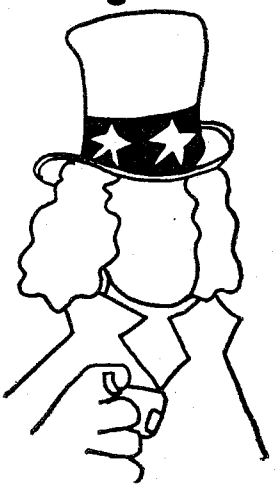

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EACH AUTUMN

Each autumn seasons us for death.
We put our leaves in order,
raking, burning, acknowledging
the persistence of time.
We have been dying all our lives,
waiting out the slow seasons
of the blood,
tramping the leaves to dust
under our own forgetting feet.
Only the trees go down in light,
welcoming winter. Listen
to the first snow fall from the ruined branch
with the same sound as earth
thrown into a new grave.

LINDA PASTAN

belief, without an ideal, without hope."

In Ezriel, the estate of the title becomes the specifically Jewish condition, the legacy of Judaism in conflict with the legacy of the Enlightenment. The past not only exists, it remains vibrant. In his letter to Zadok, the revolutionary son of the Rabbi of Marshinov, Ezriel does more than renounce his claim to the products of the Enlightenment; he chooses to reject that which, he sees, will ultimately reject him because it has rejected its own humanity. There are few more effective descriptions of the intellectual's dilemma than this letter; that very knowledge he had trained himself to worship has brought men to the brink of disaster. Unable to believe, Ezriel "cannot stop being a Jew." A brilliantly drawn character, Ezriel brings to mind the late Isaac Deutscher, who chose to embrace completely and consciously that which Ezriel finally rejects.

The Estate is not merely a portrait of the assimilated Jew's disillusionment. It is the portrait of a world as it disintegrates. The Jews at least have their assimilation to which they can look forward. True, it will fail them, but there will be years of illusion before the failure. The Poles in the novel, peasants and noblemen alike, are even worse off: they have little prospect of liberating themselves from the Russians; they have lost their country, find no refuge in religion, and are without prospects or hope. There is no Palestine for them.

Taken together, *The Manor* and *The Estate* chronicle the second half of the 19th century, "an epoch when humanism undertook to practice what it had preached for generations." But for Singer, history is not a progression; its fallibility lies in the very criteria by which we measure it. In *The Manor*, Ezriel abandoned Judaism to follow the path that so many Jews have found attractive since Spinoza (a figure with whom Singer has been having a running argument ever since he began writing). In *The Estate*, the Enlightenment is found wanting, especially when looked at by the orthodox Jew. If history is flux, then Hasidic orthodoxy is permanence. Its attraction lies in its timelessness. Looked at from such a point of view, the modern theologian's struggle for relevance can only be illusory.

Although Singer has criticized Thomas Mann for being an "old-fashioned" didactic novelist, one can see how much he shares with Mann. Beneath the complexity of Mann's fictional textures and Singer's impassioned prose there is an essential pessimism about modern life. Erich Heller described "the deepest source of Thomas Mann's irony" as "a religious imagination and religious conscience in conflict with a skeptical mind." Singer's work is not primarily ironic, but his greatness and his limitations spring out of a similar tension. And just as, for Mann, the past forces us to cast a cold eye on the present, so, for Singer, the reality of Judaism must outlast even the charnel house of Europe. "When one gazes at the Talmudic scholars," Ezriel writes in this novel, "one actually sees eternity. What is Berlin to them? What is Paris? How wonderfully they have isolated themselves amidst all this madness. They do not even know that they are in Europe and that we are at the end of the 'magnificent' and bloody nineteenth century. In their Houses of worship, it is always the beginning."

Singer is one of the major writers of our time. He creates in defiance of language; for his audience, like the world from which he derives, was all but obliterated in the greatest madness of this most progressive of all centuries. What little audience Yiddish writers could claim after the Holocaust has been taken from them—by cultural assimilation in the United States, official repression in the Soviet Union, new waves of anti-Semitism by the latest descendants of the Polish Count Lucian of this novel.

But Singer has survived those horrors to make his art prevail. There are worse fates than to find oneself among Professor Toynbee's fossils. One could, for instance, simply succumb to the natural order of events. But that would be to deny the possibilities of any kind of creation. And the genius of Isaac Bashevis Singer would never permit so easy a way out.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has nothing directly to do with the matter, but it struck me as I watched Joe Orton's two one-act plays collectively titled *Crimes of Passion* (Astor Place Theatre) that dramatists often foreshadow their own destinies in their writing. Marlowe's special ferocity presages his death by stabbing; Odets' *Golden Boy* points to his eventual creative collapse; Orton's violent end at the age of 34 complements the horror of his comedies.

He had an unmistakable talent. His pungently derisive dialogue captures the guying tone of contemporary London. There is something at once traditionally elegant and nasally obscene about his manner, as if Oxford had produced an irrepressible guttersnipe. If you open your mouth in laughter at an Orton play, a spoonful of acid is dashed into it. His jokes are a preamble to murder.

In "The Ruffian on the Stair," the first of the two one-acters, something like a note of tenderness is introduced. But it is muffled either by technical deficiency in the plotting of the play or by some ambiguity of purpose. On the pretext of wishing to rent a room in their apartment, a certain Mike appears at the door of a truckdriver who lives with a former prostitute. We do not know at the beginning that the intruder is the brother of a young man whom the truckdriver for some unexplained gangster motive has deliberately run over and killed. Mike, the "ruffian on the stair," seems at first to be seeking revenge by harming the truckdriver's girl. That, however, is not his intention: it soon becomes evident that he is a homosexual and that his devotion to his brother was more

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than fraternal. What he wants is to be killed by the very person who killed his brother, the only person he cared about. By pretending to have made a successful pass at the truckdriver's girl he succeeds in getting himself shot.

There are in effect two stories here. The first suggests the extreme loneliness of a man bereft of his only beloved and his consequent desire to die. But the greater part of the action concerns itself with the wretched humor of the brutish truckdriver's relation to his blowzy, frightened and fundamentally innocent girl friend. In the end they cling to and protect each other because of their desperate mutual need.

If there is unity here, as on reflection there appears to be, it is in the inference that the world is full of foul folk whose only common trait is their aloneness and their shabby groping toward one another to insulate themselves against the chill of solitude. Yet one can hardly say that Orton finds any saving grace in this, because, except for the "ruffian" and possibly the girl, he sprays everything with a shower of hate-filled mockery. We laugh because Orton writes sharply and can be funny, but the venom scalds. There is no pleasure in the fun.

When Orton turns to thoroughgoing farce, as in the second of his *Crimes,* "The Erpingham Camp" (it takes place in the sort of fun fair now popular in England's smaller towns), he becomes trigger happy, aiming a broadside of buckshot at the entire community, from officialdom and clergy down to the "little people" who frequent such resorts.

The play is too long. It provides moments of acrid entertainment especially through Orton's expert use of the common man's lingo cleverly patterned by his own sophistication—but it all ends by making humanity seem a sorry sell.

The two playlets are done well enough under Michael Kahn's direction by a competent cast of which the ablest are Sasha von Scherler (as the girl in the first play), Richard Dysart as the mucky truckdriver and David Birney as the sacrificial "ruffian."

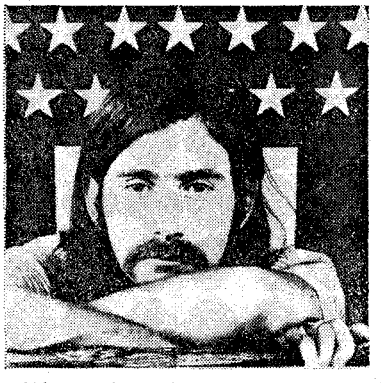
In *A Scent of Flowers* (Martinique Theatre) James Saunders writes educated prose and feeble drama. It is the story of a young girl whose spineless father—so "fair" that he is never able to take any positive action—and rather rigidly realistic stepmother fail to prevent her from commiting suicide when she finds herself caught in an emotional dilemma.

The girl, isolated in a family which consists (apart from the aforementioned) of her fond but intolerantly atheistic stepbrother, impishly and cynically detached bachelor uncle, a cataleptically silent centenarian grandmother, has an affair with a married man, a teacher at the college she attends. The girl, a still believing Catholic, follows the kindly admonitions of a priest whom she trusts and decides to give up her lover. No one seems to recognize the extreme painfulness of her plight, and when her soul-frustrated uncle, in a baffled attempt to console, gives way to a sudden impulse to possess her, she takes an overdose of sleeping pills.

This rather banal "fable" (somewhat reminiscent of Graham Greene's *The Living Room*) is given the appearance of originality by a special device: the girl is already dead when the play begins and her story is retrospectively enacted around her coffin. The various characters identify and explain themselves directly, and episodes leading up to the suicide are played out in brief flashes. The exposition of the basic situation leads in the third act to the intellectual core of the play—the burial scene in which the entire family, in addition to the gravediggers, appear and converse with the deceased girl.

The import of this scene is that all

I Am Curious (Greenbaum)



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Lifton's Birds

Do your studies demonstrate that American society can recover from a nuclear attack?
Yes! all except the people.
If you were a baby waiting up in heaven for the signal, would you choose to be born?
What's the alternative?
All of a sudden I had this wonderful feeling: "I am me!"
You were wrong.
Is it possible to live in absurdity?
I salute your question.
We must build more weapons to keep the peace.
Who'll keep the weapons?

These cartoons are from Robert Jay Lifton's *Birds*. Mr. Lifton, winner of this year's National Book Award in the Sciences for *Death in Life*, is a research professor of psychiatry at Yale University. (Random House. $2.95. Copyright 1969 by Robert Jay Lifton.)

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of us are alone in life, forgotten in death, that nothing really matters, that no one is much to blame, that people cannot help what they are. For all the brightness of our minds, the sincerity of our feelings, the anguish of our experience, our vale of tears is beyond understanding. We are all a closed book to one another.

Perhaps I ought not to describe the play in this vein, for its author (with whose novels I am unacquainted) is clearly a serious person, possessed of literary skill. But I not only cannot abide his philosophy but must even refuse to consider it one—at least in the terms in which he presents it here. Taken at its word, it should produce total silence, abstinence from all activity including writing or self-immolation. I am reminded of Samuel Butler's reply to the question, "Is life worth living?" "That," he said, "is a question for a foetus, not for a man."

A Scent of Flowers is ably produced. The setting by Ed Wittstein is handsomely sober, the direction by Brian Murray apt and the well-chosen cast wholly in tune. Especially good are Katharine Houghton whose intelligence quickens her sensibility—her prettiness too is marked by refinement—and Carolyn Coates as the stepmother whose thrust of thought serves as a kind of pillar of sanity amid the play's sentimental ruins.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Just why György Ligeti's *Atmosphères* should be one of the very few postwar works to be accorded a second presentation by the New York Philharmonic is not clear, but it turned up on Seiji Ozawa's final group of programs with the orchestra (the previous hearing, under Leonard Bernstein, produced a recording, Columbia MS-6733). Conceivably, the fact that the work, along with others by Ligeti, figured in the sound track of the film *2001* has some bearing on its relative popularity, although the Philharmonic program notes did not mention this. *Atmosphères* is one of the more skillful examples of tone-cluster music, and thereby calls attention to the limitations of this style more conspicuously than do other less consistent efforts.

Ligeti's texture consists of bands of sound, varying in width, density, register and color; these clusters slide around, break off, change in loudness and timbre. Melody and meter are completely abandoned—in fact, there are no major articulations except a few resulting from complete contrasts, as when a high-register cluster is broken off and a low-register one begun. The resulting work is without structure in any conventional sense, and its success depends entirely on the composer's ingenuity in devising sonorous variety to maintain interest over the seven-minute span. I would agree that Ligeti has managed to do that, but the possibilities of the idiom are obviously limited; there are only so many things you can do with the modification of these sonorities, and in actual practice a number of possibilities will turn out to be functionally identical (e.g., the exact width of a cluster does not matter most of the time, since pitch identities from one part of the piece to another are not employed for connective or articulative purposes).

In short, *Atmosphères* is an example of a very limited music, the single-minded exploration of a particular musical device. And, since it uses a device with only minimal possibilities for hierarchical ordering, it is inevitably also a simple-minded piece. The composer deserves considerable credit for his sonorous inventiveness, but one cannot imagine that the work will retain much interest when these ideas have become commonplace, and especially when they have found their way into pieces with a higher level of organization. (Another example of Ligeti's work in this direction is his *Volumina* for organ, which composes out the same kind of textures using an interesting range of nonconventional sound possibilities. It is recorded on Candide CE-31009, along with two entertaining semi-theatrical works, *Aventures* and *Nouvelles Aventures*.)

On the same program, Ozawa offered Scriabin's *Prometheus*, which has a certain reputation as a progenitor of mixed-media music; it was conceived as a work for orchestra and "color organ," a light-projection system controlled by a keyboard. The Philharmonic offered some rather primitive lighting effects, thrown on the walls, ceiling and floor of the stage, but these can have had little to do with what Scriabin had in mind (exact correspondences between pitch-classes and colors). Otherwise, the performance was particularly noteworthy for the brilliant solo piano work of Paul Jacobs. *Prometheus* must have had considerable impact in 1911, but its structural diffusion makes it of limited interest today, when its best ideas have found better homes. (One of those homes was almost certainly not, however, Stravinsky's *Firebird*, as in-

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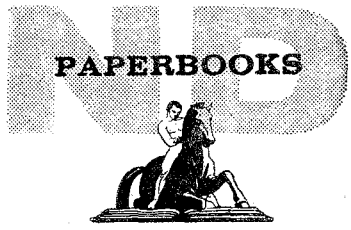

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timated by one of my colleagues, for the latter work was completed nearly a year before the première of *Prometheus.*)

The two recitals by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten (Hunter College, October 23 and 25) were among the most remarkable musical events of this or any other season. Only very rarely in this literature does one encounter the degree of ensemble and balance that these two performers achieve, and their realizations of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* and Schubert's *Winterreise* are the most coherent that can be heard today.

One of the most important factors in this coherence is respect for the composers' original key sequences. Both cycles were originally written for tenor voice, and there is no question that they "sound" more satisfactorily in this register; particularly on a modern piano, the accompaniment textures can become very muddy when transposed downward. Furthermore, there is a structural basis to the sequence of keys in these cycles, which the random downward transpositions that most baritones employ—one song down a minor third, the next a major second, etc.—completely obliterate. A final point is especially important with respect to the evening-long *Winterreise*: the relative vocal ranges of individual songs are carefully calculated to provide variety of color throughout the span of the cycle; the usual baritone transpositions negate this by putting every song squarely on the center of the voice.

Although it is clear that Peter Pears's voice is no longer (at age 59) the conventionally beautiful instrument of twenty years ago, he is more than ever a master of vocal technique and color, of verbal projection within the framework of a consistent legato line. If the German diction lacks a final measure of authenticity, the clarity and force of enunciation more than compensate, and by varying the weight and noise content of his consonants Pears can completely alter the effect of a phrase. For all its mastery of detail, on a level that many singers do not even attempt to reach, this singing never loses sight of the overall line.

Britten's playing, too, was full of striking details of execution—again, not in the conventional virtuoso sense but rather in the realization of musical requirements of phrasing, clarity of texture, accentuation, and variation of repeated material. Most important was the unity of the performances, with both musicians seemingly partaking of the same impulse throughout, and the whole moving forward with a spontaneity that belied the manifest thoroughness of preparation. To anyone who did not hear the performances, I cannot recommend too highly the recording of the cycles (London OSA-1261).

The New York City Opera's second new production of the season, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor,* was, like the *Mefistofele* that preceded it, another questionable enterprise in an area of repertory that demands resources the company does not command. With the shining exception of Beverly Sills's performance in the title role, the singing was generally inadequate, and even the orchestra sounded occasionally at sea in the (to it) unfamiliar score. It is distressing to see this company turning away from the type of opera that it has done well in the past (and still does, if the performances of Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio* and Strauss's *Capriccio* that I saw are any indication). To be sure, Tito Capobianco's production was vastly preferable to the tasteless monstrosity recently on view at the Metropolitan, but is it so important to have another production of *Lucia* rather than, say Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress,* Weill's *Mahagonny,* or Busoni's *Arlecchino*—to mention just three significant 20th-century works that the City Opera ought to be able to do very well (and that, conversely, the Metropolitan would have no business staging at all)? I am second to none in my admiration for the singing of Beverly Sills, but provincial surroundings are no kind of showcase for her exceptional abilities. Can we not have a rational division of labor—and of performers—between New York's two opera companies? One would have thought that such coordination was a primary purpose of Lincoln Center.

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Smell the sex of this town
reading the lips of America
depot cafes
waiting to ride out the night
not even promised

sun glints
off silver steeple
probably aluminum

we reckin
realism
heavy beat &
gravelly voice

"ought to be examined"

where have we hidden
all these children
for the hamburger meat

where have we found
chillblains growing wild
up against the boxcars

two people
shoot off their mouth
shooting pool

two old women
smoke furiously
hoping the train will cure them
in their Green Dodge

two fourteen year old blondes

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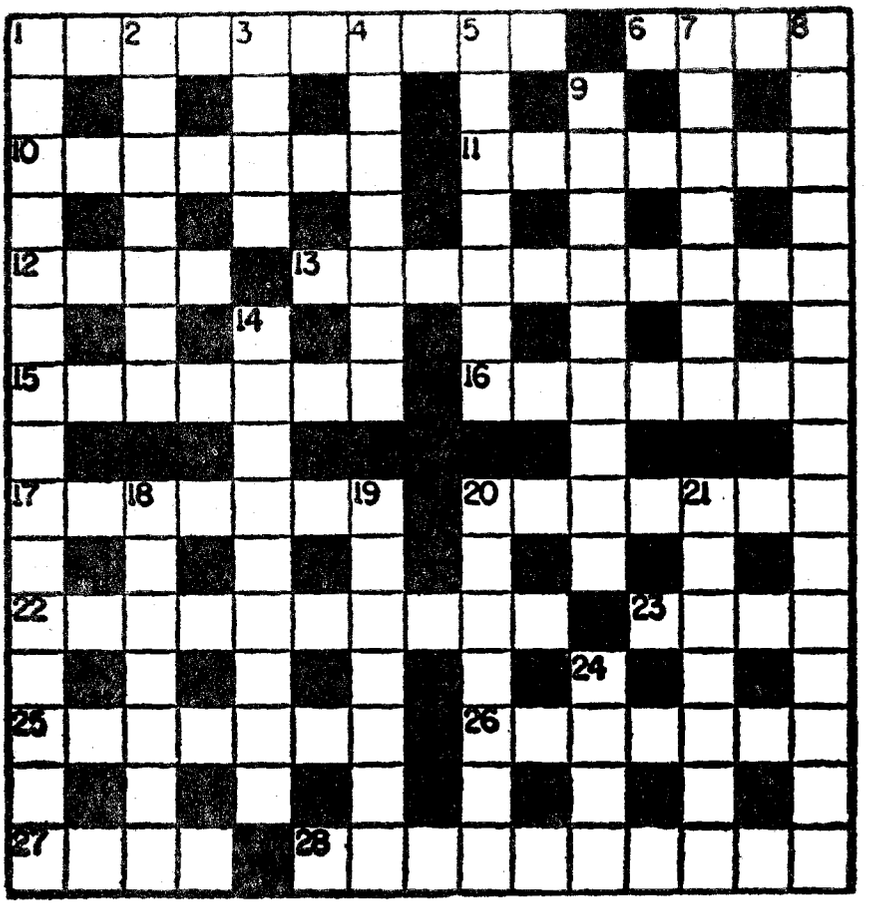

ACROSS

1 What might you do with one of them? Oh, cut it out! (5,5)
6 Quiet morning? Not really! (4)
10 Stated and unstated numbers of players? (At least a couple!) (7)
11 As a writer she obviously makes a buck in having come out on top. (7)
12 The alternative article being port? (4)
13 A wringer sounds like it might describe what goes far from dry on a girl, proving a real leader. (10)
15 Never growing old enough to acquire sea-legs, even though shaky? (7)
16 The sort of dude now found shot, perhaps. (7)
17 They could be beautiful when the chord is resolved. (7)
20 and 27 Secondary Shakespeare title might have to be handled in 2, legally. (4,3,4)
22 What Thomas might have done completely—if with some reservations. (10)
23 What batters like to do in a native state.
25 Lock-keeper. (7)
26 Small type constabulary shows what it does to the law. (7)
28 In the present, it's tenacious! (10)

DOWN

1 A top producer does, but so does a clever faker. (4,2,1,4,4)
2 Re this, one might consider an abandoned one. (7)
3 Bird that can move either forwards or sideways. (4)
4 They might be necessary to make it possible to get at the contents of a pot or a jar. (7)
5 Not a fair description of what might come from a tuba. (3,4)
7 The deck might be so produced and possibly shaded. (7)
8 What a confused teen-ager may have to make—at least to his carburetor. (5,10)
9 It makes such sweetness as can urge revolution. (4,5)
14 Describing part of the filmed epic "Tin Gods"? (9)
18 Involving a supreme decision in the form of a cross. (7)
19 Might hold what you put in the fireplace and sink. (7)
20 Dampens everything inside, and notes the possible contents of them. (7)
21 Bows might have come from it, yet were misshapen. (3,4)
24 Representing one stage of life, they're found in the left side only. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1320

ACROSS: 1 Aqueduct; 5 Cut out; 10 Enliven; 11 Prancer; 12 Sated; 13 Up to snuff; 14 and 25 Greta Garbo; 16 Restrain; 19 Acidosis; 22 Mango; 24 Malaguena; 26 Tiara; 28 Robert I; 29 Eleatic; 30 Sorrow; 31 Testacea. DOWN: 1 and 18 A Message to Garcia; 2 Unlit; 3 and 4 Divide and conquer; 6 Urals; 7 Occlusion; 8 Thrift; 9 Spites; 15 Excalibur; 17 Remittent; 20 Sherif; 21 Scalene; 23 Smirks; 27 Attic.

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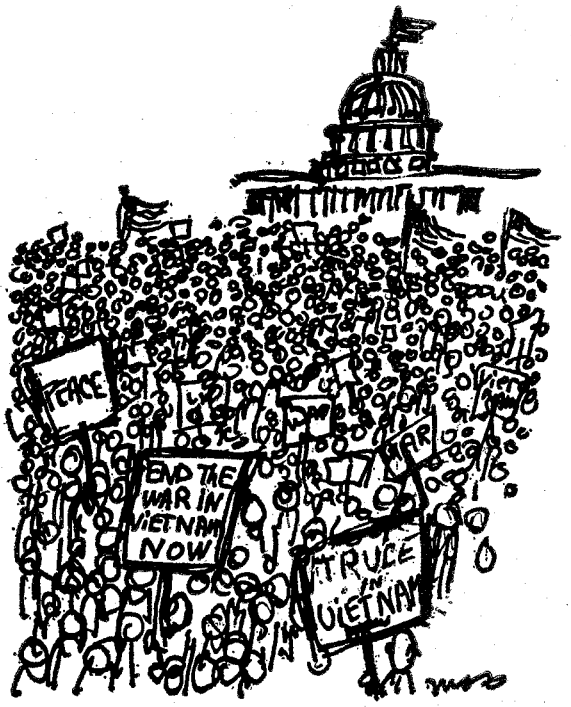

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